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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

*GOV. WISE'S SPEECH TO THE YOUNG "SAWBONES."**

[EXTRACT.]

As I have said to the military, to-day, my friends, I say to you here now in civil life, I mean to stand by my State, I mean to stand by my neighbors, I mean to stand by my individual rights, I mean to stand by my rights of property, I mean to stand by my rights of person; above all, I mean to stand by my moral rights of honor, and I mean to stand, last, but not least, by my political rights in this nation, the highest of which, in a national point of view, is the Constitution and the Union of these States (tremendous applause). If any Black Republican, if any Abolitionist, if any fanatic, if any fool, if any worse than fool, if a wicked man among the masses or in the high places of the country, wishes to take this Union from me, they shall not do it. I will fight first (applause). If the Union is to be dissolved, they shall dissolve it, not I (applause). If any are to be driven from under the flag that floats over that Capitol, and over the Capitol at Washington—the flag of the stars and stripes, under which the Revolutionary war was fought, under which the last war with England was fought, under which the Mexican war was fought, under which every war, so far as I can will it, will be fought—I say, if any are to be driven out, it shall be those who seek to drive me out (applause). Jackson said, and I will repeat his words, "The Union shall be preserved." It shall be preserved by force of arms, if in no other way (applause). The moment is come when you must stand united. You have done right, perhaps, my friends. Virginia has been contributing population, blood, treasure, virtue, intellect, everything, in short, that was necessary to maintain and strengthen this Union. Now let her call home her children. You, my friends, have come back to us, and we embrace you with open arms (applause), and standing together, we will strengthen the hands of our State. Let her, from that Capitol, pass a law that shall build up her highways; let her make the great pathway of trade; let her make her centres of commerce; let her employ her own teachers (applause); let her people wear the wool of their own pastures; let them eat the flour of their own mills; and if they have got no flour, let them eat their own corn cake, as they did in the days of '76 (laughter and applause). There was a time when Tarleton saw for himself that Old Washington's buskins were made of bull; now the Yankees make for us our clothes-pins and broom-handles, our locomotives, and even our doctors have been made for us at the North (laughter). Everything, everywhere, turn where you will, our dairies abound in Yankee churns; in the parlor nothing is to be found but Northern manufactures; turn to the mantel-piece, and every one has a Yankee clock; and so, in fact, in regard to every domestic requirement. I will not advise you to break up all these things now-a-days, because you paid for them; but I will advise you in future either to do without these things—doctors, broom-handles and all—or make them yourselves (laughter and applause). Be self-reliant, self-dependent. They have boasted that they have eighteen millions of people against eight; and they speak of those eighteen millions as hard-handed men. If we have not a population that have been pent up in work-shops, we have a population that have grown up in Heaven's sweet air, under Heaven's bright sun, in the corn-field (applause). We have a stalwart, hearty, young, unsophisticated crowd of Virginians here, who have not degenerated (applause). If we had men of old that could fight, we have men now that can fight (great applause). If we had men of old that could speak to the hearts of the people, we have men now that can appeal to the hearts of the people, and we have the people now, as ever, with hearts to appeal to.

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I have no doubt that here in Richmond science can be taught as well as in Philadelphia (applause). Let us have it. Let us have science of our own; let us have arts of our own; let us have manufactures of our own; let us have trade of our own; let us have ships of our own; let us always be self-reliant and self-dependent, and then you will not have other people grow so great upon our wealth that they undertake to play the part of petty providence for God Almighty himself (applause). They will then attend to their own business, and let our affairs alone. And if they cannot attend to their business—if they cannot discontinue their vicious intermeddling with us—we will make them do it (applause). If we cannot do that by peaceful and self-reliant means, why, as you are aware, gentlemen, a little blood-letting, a little phlebotomy, will reduce the fever (laughter). I tell you now—though I do not send it as a message to the Legislature of Virginia, for it is not my part to do so—that if blood must flow, if the tocsin of war must be sounded, if we must buckle on our armor, if red battle will stamp his foot, this nation alone shall not feel the shock. The real groundwork of dissension in this country, the real cause, the real root of the disease, is the foreign influence of Great Britain. Your internal commerce, your exports and imports, the constant intercourse between New England and Old England, beget a sympathy between Old and New England stronger, I sometimes fear, than the sympathy which New England feels for us. And whenever New England fanaticism joins with Old English intolerance in an effort to dissolve this Union—any effort like that of which John Brown was the instrument—New England and Old England combined shall not avail to drive me from the Union. No! With God's help we will drive all the disunionists together back into Canada. Let them join Canada; let the compact of fanaticism and intolerance be confined to British soil. As for me, I mean to stay here (laughter and applause). I mean to stay here, I say, with one exception. If invasion shall ever again cross the Northern border of Virginia, and I can get one hundred men—aye, or ten men—to follow me, whether the Legislature authorizes it or not, I will go North; and if the Southern people are the men of purpose, if the Southern people are the men of will, if the Southern people are the men of moral power that I take them to be, then, rather than let this Union be dissolved, they will drive into Canada every Black Republican, every Abolitionist, every Northern disunionist, who, like Wendell Phillips, utters the sentiment—or, worse than Wendell Phillips, that Senator from Massachusetts who gives sanction to the sentiment uttered by Wendell Phillips in New York—that a slave has a right to throttle his master; and if he makes his way over dead bodies from Virginia to Canada, he has a right to do so; and if, in passing from Virginia to Canada, with hands dripping with the blood of his master, he knocks at the door of Wendell Phillips or Henry Wilson, and asks for admission, they will open the door to the "bloody hands." I say that when sentiments like these are uttered by Wendell Phillips, and he is protected by a guard of seventy-five policemen under the Mayor of New York, it is time for the medical students to come home to be allowed, I hope, to study their profession in peace, and, if not allowed to pursue their vocation in peace, to quit the vocation of peace for the panoply of war (tremendous applause). And here understand me. I am not speaking against the whole North when I speak against Wendell Phillips and Henry Wilson. No; come what will—come the worst that can come, and when it does come we will find patriots there, in a minority, if not a majority (loud applause). This patriotic minority will help us to give the enemies of the Constitution and the Union their hands full at home (applause). However that may be, I will not be content to fight the battle upon ground south of Mason and Dixon's line, nor shall it be confined to ground north of that line within the Union. It shall be carried into Canada (tremendous applause, which lasted several minutes). It shall not only involve the Northern States, but England (applause). Let her furnish any longer an asylum for Fred. Douglass to fly into; let her furnish a dépôt for the provisional government of John Brown at Chatham; let her nurse the viper of civil war; let her nurse our fugitives from labor and fugitives from justice, whom she holds to let loose upon us; let her hold in reserve those pirates and cut-throats who carry on a contraband trade between New England and Canada—men that would scuttle a ship or cut a throat with a placid smile; let her make Canada the centre of a provisional government for men of this class, and you will have, my fellow-citizens, not only to war with the Abolitionists of the North, but you will have to war with England (applause)—and that war would be easily brought on. Fred. Douglass, the fugitive negro—Fred. Douglass that came with John Brown's party as far South as Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and then fled back to Canada—this negro has published his proclamation against Gov. Wise (laughter and applause). He has said that he has no idea of going back to New York or Pennsylvania, for fear that Gov. Wise, through Federal agents, will bag him (laughter). I will never put my hemp in the form of a bag for him; it shall be in the shape of a rope (laughter). And he thinks he is safe when he is in Canada. It would be with an aching heart, it would be with a wild fever passion, that I could be forced to strike against the bosom of my own countrymen of New England, New York, Pennsylvania or Ohio; but if I could only be relieved from that struggle, I would gladly take the alternative of a war with England (applause). My heart would leap to that alternative like a bridegroom to his chamber (applause). Fred. Douglass says that he is bound for England. Let him. Oh! if I had bad one good long, low, black, rakish, well-armed steamer in Hampton roads, I would have placed her on the Newfoundland banks with orders that if she found a British packet with that negro on board, to take him (tremendous applause). And by the eternal gods, he should have been taken—taken with very particular instructions not to hang him before I had the privilege of seeing him well hung (laughter and applause).

What shall be done? In the first place, I would tell the Yankees, you can't have those five millions worth of oysters you take yearly out of the Chesapeake Bay any longer. I would tell them that they could have no longer the half a million a year they get by insurances out of Virginia. Let all who desire to insure their lives or property do so on the responsibility of the State, and pay the premium into that treasury. I would not only save the oysters and insurance money, but the coal that is embedded in the earth (applause). I have been signing patents for the last three months for the County of Ritchie, lands which contain unlimited quantities of the best gas-generating coal in the world; and if you ask who own them, you will find that they are chiefly in the possession of Northern men, or at least will be before twelve months. They buy land at two cents an acre, and one peck of the Ritchie coal will thus purchase a whole acre of land. I would possess ourselves of these sources of wealth. I would then arm the people. I would appoint a committee to examine the statutes of the Northern States that are hostile to our constitutional rights. The statutes are to be found in the library of this State. I would lay my hand upon these statutes ready armed. I would say, "Repeal these statutes:" I would repeat it, repeat it, repeat it; and after making these demands three times, I would say, "Repeal it at your peril." I would say to the Northern conservative men, "You must fight single-handed in future, and maintain those conservative principles which you profess to respect." I would say to the North, "You shall quit warring upon us." I would call, above all, upon the President of the United States to demand of England that she should not suffer her Canadian possessions to be used as a place of refuge for violators of our laws and disturbers of our peace.

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Every meeting held in sympathy with the Brownists is a declaration in favor of the law of barbarism. Every Union meeting is a declaration for the Constitution, the Bible and the truth. Let us rally around them and do battle with ideas. Preach them, write them, print them, spread them; get men to read, think and speak. Let the Word of God have free course and it will be glorified. Men will hear, and heed, and believe. But force begets force. Action and reaction are equal and in contrary directions. If our friends attempt to put down the Cheevers and Phillipses of the North by violence, they will commit a terrible blunder, which is said to be worse than a crime. They will strengthen the hands of these dangerous citizens. Sympathy will be roused in their behalf, while now they are despised. And let it be remembered that two wrongs never make one right. If our people will let these men "rail on," and have their "say" out in the hearing of their deluded followers only, they will soon get sick of it, while persecution will be the food on which they will thrive.

* Delivered from the steps of the Executive Mansion at Richmond, Va., upon the arrival of the squad of Southern medical students, who had seceded from the Medical Schools of Philadelphia because they were not allowed to amuse themselves in breaking up anti-slavery meetings in that city.

THE GREAT REACTION.

From The New York Observer.

THE tide has turned, and public sentiment at the North is now setting so strong against the John Brownists, there is danger that the friends of law will be tempted to become themselves its violators. It is hard to restrain righteous indignation within righteous bounds. When such incendiaries as Cheever and Phillips teach sedition and violence, when they rouse the passions of the people to violence and blood, it is next to impossible to restrain a justly outraged community from visiting their own heads with a practical illustration of the scandalous doctrines they preach. But if we can throw effectual restraints between such rash men and excited people, we will do so, and beseech the North *not* to make martyrs of such material as Cheever and Phillips. Why, old John Brown is worth a thousand of them. We say *is* worth; dead John Brown is worth more than a thousand men who stir up others to deeds of rapine and bloodshed, while they themselves keep out of harm's way, leaving their unhappy tools to suffer the penalty of their crimes.

But it must not be that the roused North shall become the imitators of John Brown even to punish his disciples. We cannot serve their cause better than by mobbing its friends. They desire this. They would gladly have their houses sacked at the expense of the country, which has to pay for property destroyed by a mob. If we would please them and help them, we will oppose them with the weapons their emissaries have wielded to their own ruin, and to the peril of the country's peace and union. Now that the people are rising in their majesty and might to rebuke with dignity and efficiency the treason and madness of abolitionism, let not the sublime spectacle of a great nation asserting its own principles of union and fidelity to the Constitution be tarnished by the indiscretions of those whose zeal for the right outruns their judgment, and hurries them into excess. Here lies the danger of popular excitements. It is hard to curb a multitude roused to action by the insults and outrages of unworthy and turbulent men. It *seems* to be right, but it is woefully wrong to mete out to them the measure they give to others. It is wiser, safer, better to let them alone severely. Instead of going to their assemblies, even to hiss and denounce them, it is better to stay away, and let them reign and rave among their congenial spirits.

AN "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT" AT THE NORTH.

From The (Richmond, Va.) Central Presbyterian.

THE "irrepressible conflict" at the North brings into antagonism what Mr. Cushing, in his Faneuil Hall speech, calls "the religion of hate and of blasphemy," and the religion of the Gospel, whose message is peace on earth and good will to men. The high priests of "the religion of hate" are Wendell Phillips, and Lloyd Garrison, and Waldo Emerson, and Theodore Parker, and Gerrit Smith, and their associates and abettors, male and female, who have cast off the restraints of the Bible—and then there are others, as the Cheevers, and the Beechers, and the Stowes, still professing allegiance to the Christian Church, who take their stand on the same field and fight side by side under the same banners with the rankest of infidels; and, as they have hitherto met with feeble opposition, they have succeeded in diffusing widely among the people the same "religion of hate" by which their own bosoms are fired. And they have succeeded, too, in infusing the leaven of their principles into many of the pulpits and into much of the popular literature of the North—using for this purpose such catch terms as *liberty, philanthropy* and *equality*. But it is now beginning to be manifest that just in proportion as anti-slavery zeal takes possession of a pulpit or of a community, the religion of the cross declines. Accompanying the anti-slavery crusade there have been, in all its marchings and countermarchings, and encampments, and forays, bitterness and wrath, and strife and heresies, and animosities and divisions, and every other development of satanic agency. But there is yet a portion of the community who see and who deplore the evil. And if they ever undertake to remove it, they will find that they have engaged in an irrepressible conflict which admits of no quarter—a conflict with infidelity as its basis—a conflict for the truth of God against error, in all its multiplied forms, and especially against the wide-spread fanaticism which has its origin in "the religion of hate."

"THE TRIBE OF ABOLITION PREACHERS."—Of all the excellent sentiments that received the immediate and unanimous approval of this great popular tribunal [the Union meeting at the Academy of Music] none were more enthusiastically applauded than those in which the tribe of abolition preachers were rebuked and denounced. The cheers at these points were always fierce and protracted—indicating, beyond a doubt, the deep hatred and disgust with which the preachers of a political gospel are regarded by the intelligent, industrious, law-abiding masses of the people—such people as were packed into the Academy of Music on Monday night. It would appear, from the evidence on that occasion, that, outside of the fanatical congregations which these preachers of the "Sharp's rifle" school have collected about them, the "Cheevers," the "Beechers," and the humbler specimens of their class, are justly despised and execrated. The strong, healthy, well-regulated public mind rejects and resents the monstrous teachings of such men. Instead of making converts to their atrocious theories in this most conservative city, they are building up, day by day, an indignant opposition to them and their Churches.—*Journal of Commerce.*

PHILADELPHIA.

From The (Richmond, Va.) Central Presbyterian.

WATCHING as we have done, with intense interest, the manifestations of public sentiment at the North, we have been greatly gratified with the demonstrations which the City of Philadelphia has repeatedly made of devotion to the Union, and determination to arrest and suppress the treasonable fanaticism of those who assail the rights of the South.

Not only was Philadelphia the first city in which a public meeting was held to express indignation at the invasion of our soil, but, since that great demonstration, she has repeatedly had occasion to express her sentiments. At three or four small and contemptible meetings, which the Abolitionists have held since the great gathering at Jaynes' Hall, it has been difficult to restrain the indignant multitudes which have assembled without from forcibly dispersing the conventicles of the fanatics.

The Anti-Slavery Convention, audience and all, did not number over two hundred persons, and was finally ejected from the Assembly Buildings, and their Fair at Concert Hall was stopped. When Curtis attempted to lecture at the National Hall, the room was but partially filled, and of the number in attendance many, so far from sympathizing with the speaker, repeatedly interrupted him with hisses and cheers for the Union; while outside the Hall were thousands who blocked up the street, and in every possible way gave evidence of their detestation of abolition and its advocates.

A friend, a native of Virginia, who has resided in Philadelphia for several years, and whose opportunity and capacity for observation cannot be exceeded, in a private letter addressed to us, declares that the conservative spirit is both general and *intense*, and that there is a prevailing impression that if the anti-slavery agitators persist in their attempts to hold meetings in Philadelphia, there will be bloodshed. Our correspondent also avows the belief that such is the state of public sentiment there that he does not believe an Abolitionist could obtain a hall to lecture in.

WORTH PONDERING.

From The (Richmond, Va.) Central Presbyterian.

THE late Dr. James W. Alexander, whose long residence at the North and whose ability to form reliable conclusions in such matters none will question, in a conversation with a friend on the state of the country, once gave utterance to the following opinions, which we can give very nearly in his own words, and which we commend to the consideration of those to whom they chiefly apply.

Said he, the dissolution of the Union would be ruinous to the North—more so than to the South—not so much in the pecuniary loss it would sustain, or on account of the calamities of war, as from *the loss of the conservative influence of the South*, which he regarded as indispensable to the stability of the social and religious institutions of the North. The very class of men, said he, who are now manifesting so insane a hostility to slavery in the South, if that could be overthrown, would turn with as deadly a rancor AGAINST THE INSTITUTION OF MARRIAGE AND THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY IN LAND.

Selections.

THE PROPOSAL TO ENSLAVE THE FREE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH.

A JUDGE OF THE U. S. SUPREME COURT CONVINCED THAT SOME BLACK MEN HAVE RIGHTS WHICH WHITE MEN ARE BOUND TO RESPECT.

To the Editor of The Nashville Union and American.

DEAR SIR: I have for several weeks past been anxiously waiting to hear what the views of your leading journal were on the bill pending before our Legislature, proposing to enslave, or drive from the State, the free colored population now amongst us. It provides that these persons shall be seized and sold, if found here after the first day of May next, if they are adults—and that the children shall be bound out, &c.; the adults are allowed to emigrate to Africa, in which case some slight aid is to be furnished by the State, to assist in their transportation; or, secondly, they may seek a master and go into slavery.

Now, who are these people? There is not one in one hundred of them, to say the least, that ever has been a slave. Usually, their mothers, grandmothers or great-grandmothers were slaves, who were emancipated by masters for meritorious services, or from benevolent motives, by the courts of justice, and according to law. *They all have a vested right to freedom by the judgments and decrees of courts.* Under our Constitution of 1796, the free colored men voted at the polls. That the old Constitution extended to them, and protected their rights to a certain extent, is free from doubt. But I pass by this question.

My objection to the bill is, *that it proposes to commit an outrage, to perpetrate an oppression and cruelty.* This is the plain truth, and it is idle to mince words to soften the fact. Let us look the proposition boldly in the face. This depressed and helpless portion of our population is designed to be driven out, or to be enslaved for life, and their property forfeited, as no slave can hold property. The mothers are to be sold, or driven away from their children, many of them infants. The children are to be bound out until they are twenty-one years of age, and then to leave the State or be sold; which means, that they are to be made slaves for life, in fact. Now, of these women and children, there is hardly one in ten that is of unmixed negro blood. Some are half-white; many have half-white mothers, and white fathers, making a cast of 87 1-2-100ths of white blood; many have a third cross, in whom the negro blood is almost extinct; such is the unfortunate truth. This description of people, who were born free, and lived as free persons, are to be introduced as slaves into our families, or into our negro quarters, there to be under an overseer, or they are to be sold to the negro-trader and sent South, there to be whipped by overseers—*and to preach rebellion* in the negro quarters—as they will *preach* rebellion everywhere that they may be driven to by this unjust law, whether it be amongst us here in Tennessee or south of us on the cotton and sugar plantations, or in the abolition meetings in the free States. Nor will the women be the least effective in preaching a crusade, when bagging money in the North, to relieve their children, left behind in this State, in bondage.

We are told that this "free-negro bill" is a politic, popular measure. Where is it popular? *In what nook or corner of the State are the principles of humanity so deplorably deficient that a majority of the whole inhabitants would commit an outrage not committed in a Christian country of which history gives any account?* In what country is it, this side of Africa, that the majority have enslaved the minority, sold the weak to the strong, and applied the proceeds of the sale to educate the children of the stronger side, as this bill proposes? It is an open assertion that "might makes right." It is reopening the African slave trade, in fact. In that trade the strong capture the weak, and sell them; and so it will be here, if this policy is carried out.

All over the State, those who are responsible for passing the bill will have to contend with fearful public opinion, made up of all the women who have moral characters and religious feelings; backed by the clergy, and assuredly by a very large majority of the members of all the Churches; for we must carry along with us the important fact, that numbers of the people sought to be enslaved or driven out belong to, and are members of, our various Churches, and in full communion. That these great bodies of Christian men and women will quietly stand by and see their humble co-workers sold on the block to the negro-trader is not to be expected; nor will any set of men be supported, morally or politically, who are the authors of such a law.

Nor is this half the truth. Take all the free States, and how will the matter stand? There, those stanch and upright men who are struggling to uphold the Constitution and laws, and to protect the rights of the South in the enjoyment of their slave property, will be met by our law; will be taunted before the million; will have it put to them squarely whether they sanction this cruel measure as a part of the Southern creed, to wit, that all negroes, and those of negro origin, can be rightfully sold into slavery, or driven from their children and the place of their birth, at the unrestrained will of the Southern white man? What Northern man, that has manhood in him, will not exclaim, "I abhor such a law!" It cannot be otherwise than odious to the North.

If such a measure of precaution was the work of some new weak State, and this thing done in a corner, it would not be so bad; but Tennessee is a proud, successful community, that has for thirty years exercised a controlling influence in the affairs of the nation; she has made two Presidents; has long stood in the front rank of the great party that has governed the country so successfully for nearly sixty years, and therefore her legislation may well be cited before Northern crowds, as declaring the sentiments of the South. I put it to any fair-minded man to say whether this law, if it is passed, will not go far to *crush out* our friends in the North, and yet more strongly mark the *black* sectional line between the free and the slave States?

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. CATRON.

THE PROPOSED BLACK LAW IN MISSOURI DENOUNCED.

The St. Louis *Democrat* publishes an able remonstrance of Judge Krum, of St. Louis, himself an Administration Democrat, against the proposed law to enslave the free negroes of the State. Judge Krum denounces the bill in unmeasured terms, and adds:

"Let me ask you (no, that would be cruel)—let me ask the whole body of the General Assembly—the Executive of the State included—to witness (in imagination) the execution of such a law!

"Come to St. Louis, where you will find the Clamorgans, Wilkinsons, Charlevilles and other free negro and mulatto families, who have grown gray in the State, who have acquired property, and have a stake in the community, and who are surrounded by their children and children's children.

"Will any one ask the sheriff or the courts to execute such a law against those inoffensive people? The law, you may depend upon it, would be a dead letter on the statute book. The just appeals of fathers, the tears of mothers, and the cries of helpless children of this unfortunate people, would prove an irresistible barrier to the execution of the law.

"Men cannot sink their manhood without degradation, or do an act that violates one's moral sense without shame, and it is wrong to ask or require a public officer to do either. Much more might be said to show that the law will be not only unjust, but of no binding force, and consequently a dead letter—but I refrain.

"You know full well my views in respect to the *status* of the negro, both bond and free.

"Long before the Dred Scott case it became my duty, in official position, to determine judiciously the *status* of the negro, and I thought then, as I think now, that they are not citizens of any State of the Confederacy. Nevertheless, I regard them as *persons*, as beings having volition, capable of determining between right and wrong—as moral beings, and consequently amenable to the laws of the land.

"Regarding them in this light, I think our legislation in respect to them should be consistent with the *status* and attributes we concede to this people.

"This view is reasonable, and I doubt not in the sentiment of the great body of the people of Missouri.

"Let us, then, not stultify ourselves by enacting a barbarous law.

"Very truly yours, JOHN M. KRUM."

REIGN OF TERROR AT THE SOUTH.

EXILES FROM KENTUCKY.

From The Cincinnati Gazette, Dec. 31.

TWELVE families, embracing in all thirty-nine persons, arrived in this city at eight o'clock last evening, from Berea, Madison County, Kentucky, whence they were forced to move on account of entertaining anti-slavery views and opinions. The entire party took rooms at the Dennison House, the heads of families registering their names as follows: T. A. R. Rogers, John Smith, John G. Harrison, Jas. I. Davis, John F. Boughton, Swinglehurst Life, T. E. E. Hayes, G. W. Parker, W. F. Tony, C. W. Griffin and T. D. Reed.

Most of the number are natives of the State, and several were born and reared in the county which they were required by the authorities to leave. The greater part are young men, but there are others far past three score years and ten; these, added to children in arms and defenceless women, comprise the list that have for the past two weeks created such dread to that part of Kentucky geographically described as Madison County. In connection with the above list should appear the name of the Rev. John G. Fee, a native of Kentucky, and whose father is and has always been a large slaveholder.

The reverend gentleman founded several anti-slavery institutions in Madison County, which induced the slaveholding citizens, about two weeks ago, to notify Mr. Fee that he must leave the State. He did so, and is at present, with his companions, in this city. The full particulars of the whole matter will be found appended. The party, with whom our reporter had a lengthy conversation, had no definite object in view; bereft of their homes and firesides, they are driven ruthlessly into a strange State, among strange people, to seek new homes and new firesides, and all for the reason of a difference of opinion and its honest expression.

THEIR APPEARANCE.

Calling on the party at their rooms, at the Dennison House, we found them quietly seated together. Among their number were seven or eight young men, from eighteen to thirty years of age, about an equal number of ladies, several children, two or three of whom were babes in arms, and Mr. John Smith, a native of Kentucky, a patriarch of nearly four score, and his equally aged wife. They seemed neither joyous nor disconsolate. Believing they had acted in accordance with the laws of religion and humanity, they were ready to suffer all things, and awaited the future without fear, though ignorant of what it might bring forth. They are from the humble walks of life, and the most of their property has been left behind them, as in their hurried departure they had hardly opportunity to collect their wearing apparel.

THE BEREANS—WHY THEY WERE EXPELLED.

Madison County, from which these exiles have just arrived, lies east of the centre of Kentucky, and in 1850 had a total population of 15,727, of which 5,393 were slaves and 64 free colored. The settlement of Berea, for some time past, has been a centre for anti-slavery men, Rev. John G. Fee, as delegate of the American Missionary Union, having organized several Churches on strict anti-slavery principles. A seminary, in which anti-slavery doctrines were taught, was also established about a year since, and at the time of the outbreak at Harper's Ferry was in successful operation. It is here proper to remark that both Mr. Fee and his associates have constantly disavowed all desire to interfere with slavery or to bring about its destruction by any except moral means. Regarding it as contrary to the teachings of the New Testament, they believed Scriptural truth the best refutation of its claims.

On various occasions the people of Berea have been subjected to attacks. Mob law, vituperation and legal processes have in turn been tried in vain. They have zealously maintained their right to attempt to modify the institutions of their native State by peaceful means, and persecution seemed measurably to have subsided, when the events of the 17th of October called into new life the suspicion with which they had been viewed. On the 10th of December, a meeting was held at Richmond, the capital of Madison County, at which it was resolved to hold another meeting on the 17th, to consider the propriety of removing Revs. Messrs. Fee and Rogers, and others associated with them—first, because their association was of an incendiary character; second, because their principles were at war with the best interests of the community, and their position destructive to all organized society. A Committee on Resolutions was also appointed.

Pursuant to adjournment, the second meeting was held on the 17th, in the court-house at Richmond. The committee appointed at the last meeting reported through R. R. Stone an address and resolutions, in which, after stating that every plan for emancipation that had as yet been suggested involved insuperable objections, and that the Bereans acted as abolition emissaries, and believed in a higher law and a baptism of fire and blood, it is asserted that one of their number (meaning Mr. Fee) had lately proclaimed publicly in New York his sympathy for John Brown—asserting that Browns were needed in Kentucky. The address goes on to say that the obnoxious persons had established a school free for all colors—a district school, drawing its regular quota from the public treasury, thus using the money of the public for the public destruction; a church excluding all who upheld slavery; erected machinery, built a town—the position of which, in a strategic point of view, either for stampedes or insurrections, is faultless—having a post-office with an abolition postmaster, and a regular mail loaded with incendiary documents. The town was reported, also, to be constantly increasing by accessions of Northern men.

The resolutions, which were adopted, provide for the appointment of a committee of "sixty-five discreet, sensible men, such as the whole community may confide in," to remove J. G. Fee, J. A. R. Rogers, and "so many of their associates as, in their best judgment, the peace and safety of society may require"—this duty to be discharged as "deliberately and humanely as may be, but firmly and most effectually." The committee having been appointed, letters were read from Mr. Fee at Pittsburg, and Mr. Rogers at Berea. The former has already been published. It emphatically denies all sympathy, either expressed or intended, with Brown's course. He had said that John Browns were needed "not in the manner of action, but in the spirit of consecration." He claims that he and his associates had acted in the spirit of the Bible and of the Declaration of Independence.

Mr. Rogers's letter, which is addressed to the editors of the *Messenger*, invites strangers and those prejudiced against the Bereans to visit their town and examine their institutions. It concludes thus:

It is universally known that some of us, in common with Washington and a host of others, whom we all delight to honor, believe that slavery is a moral and political evil—that it is the duty and privilege of those holding slaves to free them at the earliest consistent moment, and in such a way as to promote the general good; and that complexion is not the true test for the regard or privileges that should be extended to a man. We believe, too, that moral and political means only should be used to remove slavery. Insurrection finds no favor here. Brother Fee never has and, if his true words be known, I doubt not, does not now give the least countenance to the use of force in hastening the end of slavery. Hoping that our confidence may be fully and intelligently placed in Him, who was once despised, but is now exalted to be a Prince and Savior, I am yours most respectfully,

J. A. R. ROGERS.

The following resolutions were then offered by John C. Terrill, and adopted:

Resolved, That the committee which has been appointed by this meeting do, within ten days from this time, wait upon John G. Fee, Rogers, and all others that the said committee may think inimical and dangerous to our institutions, our interests and our public safety and tranquility, and inform them that they must quit this county and State, and that they must be without the limits of this county within ten days after the time of receiving said notice; and that said committee are directed by this meeting to take such steps as they may deem right and proper in removing the said Fee, Rogers, &c., from the county, if they are found within its limits after the time specified has run out.

Resolved, further, That the said committee meet in this place on Wednesday, the 21st inst., at 10 o'clock a. m., to consult as to the manner of their proceedings in carrying out the above resolutions.

EXECUTION OF THE RESOLUTIONS.

From The Cincinnati Commercial, same date.

Rogers and others (Fee being at the time out of the State) were waited upon accordingly. Mr. Rogers describes the warning that he received quite graphically. He was in his cottage, when a summons for him to appear was heard. On going to the door, he discovered an imposing cavalcade, sixty-five well-mounted men being drawn up in warlike array. He was informed that he had ten days in which to leave the State. This was on the 23d of December. He told them that he had not consciously violated any law of the Commonwealth, and that, if he had unconsciously done so, he would be most happy to be tried according to law. He was informed that they did not know that he had violated any law, but that his principles were incompatible with the public peace, and that he must go. The charge against him was abolitionism—the penalty, expulsion from the State.

No harsh or personally disrespectful language was used. He was even told, with much courtesy of word and manner, that he was esteemed as a gentleman, but his presence was offensive on account of his principles. They laid it down as an axiom, that such sentiments as he entertained were not to be tolerated by a slaveholding people—that abolition doctrines and slaveholding were not to be permitted together—that one or other must go under, and that they were resolved he and his friends must go.

They warned him peaceably, but any amount of force necessary to carry out the objects of the Richmond meeting would be unhesitatingly employed. They appeared now in peace, but if he did not heed the warning, they would reappear for war. The committee represented the wealth and respectability of Madison County, and was sustained for the most part by public sentiment. There were, however, quite a number of slaveholders residing in the vicinity who were opposed to the proceedings of the higher law pro-slavery zealots.

A paper was circulated through the county for signatures (over seven hundred of which were obtained) endorsing the action taken by the Richmond meeting, and expressive of the sense of the community, that the Abolitionists must be driven out. Those who had charge of this paper do not seem to have had any objections to procuring signatures under false pretences. A slaveholder was called on, and asked whether he approved of the John Brown foray. Of course he said he did not. He was then told to sign that paper.

He did so; and when he found out the nature of the document, and the real object of obtaining his signature, he was indignant and wished to withdraw his name, but was deterred by threats from doing so. No signatures to this paper were obtained in the immediate vicinity of Berea except in this way, a fact which indicates that the neighbors of the Free-Soilers did not think them dangerous citizens.

There were some friends of the proscribed persons willing to risk everything and stand by them, but, knowing that fighting would be unavailing, they concluded to be without the State within the time assigned for their removal. And they are consequently exiles in our midst, and afford a lesson of the nature of the intolerant despotism of the Slave Power which should not be lost upon those who are solicitous as to the *status* of the American States.

The persons warned to leave the State appealed to Governor Magoffin for protection, and a committee of them presented the Governor the following petition:

To His Excellency, the Governor of the State of Kentucky:

We, the undersigned, loyal citizens and residents of the State of Kentucky and County of Madison, do respectfully call your attention to the following facts:

1. We have come from various parts of this and adjoining States to this county, with the intention of making it our homes, have supported ourselves and families by honest industry, and endeavored to promote the interests of religion and education.

2. It is a principle with us to "submit to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; unto governors as unto them that are sent by Him for the punishment of evil-doers and the praise of them that do well"; and in accordance with this principle we have been obedient in all respects to the laws of this State.

3. Within a few weeks evil and false reports have been put into circulation, imputing to us motives, words and conduct calculated to inflame the public mind, which imputations are utterly false and groundless. These imputations we have publicly denied and offered every facility for the fullest investigation, which we have earnestly but vainly sought.

4. On Friday, the 23d inst., a company of sixty-two men, claiming to have been appointed by a meeting of the citizens of our county, without any shadow of legal authority, and in violation of the Constitution and laws of the State and United States, called at our respective residences and places of business, and notified us to leave the county and State, and be without this county and State within ten days, and handed us the accompanying document, in which you will see that, unless the said order be promptly complied with, there is expressed a fixed determination to remove us by force.

In view of these facts, which we can substantiate by the fullest evidence, we respectfully pray that you, in the exercise of the power vested in you by the Constitution and made your duty to use, do protect us in our rights as loyal citizens of the Commonwealth of the State of Kentucky.

J. A. R. ROGERS, SWINGLEHURST LIFE,
J. G. HANSON, JOHN SMITH,
I. D. REED, E. T. HAYES,
JAS. S. DAVIS, CHAS. E. GRIFFIN,
JOHN F. BOUGHTON, A. G. W. PARKER,
W. H. TORRY.

Berea, Madison Co., Ky., December 24, 1859.

Governor Magoffin received the bearers of the petition (Reed and Hayes) courteously, and advised them, for the sake of preserving the peace of the State, to leave it. He said that the public mind was deeply moved by the events in Virginia, and that, until the excitement subsided, their presence in the State would be dangerous, and he could not engage to protect them from their fellow-citizens who had resolved that they must go. He promised them security while taking their departure, and that their property should be protected. They say that for the most part they were treated politely by those who have driven them from their homes, and they have hopes that presently the people of Kentucky will take a sober thought, and allow them to return to their several places of abode and accustomed avocations. We cannot say that we consider the prospect for such a consummation remarkably flattering. They believe that many of the non-slaveholders are much incensed at the despotic proceedings of the master class, and they have many warm personal friends. They trust to these and to a reaction. There are those among the people of Madison County who recognize the fact that the expulsion of such men as Fee and Rogers is the very way to make Abolitionists, and that the action taken has been not only uncalled for, but imprudent. It is certainly not a light matter to drive out of a State men who build steam saw-mills, improve farms, keep schools, and labor faithfully as ministers of the Gospel, and who give no provocation to any in any way—who offend against no law—who make no war upon society—and who merely hold that slavery is a sin, and teach that it should come to an end in God's own good time. The steam mill of Mr. Hanson was doing well until he was constrained to abandon it. The school of Mr. Rogers was in a flourishing condition, having nearly a hundred pupils during the last term, a great portion of them the children of slaveholders. Kentucky cannot afford to drive beyond her border the men who build mills and academies.

The exiles seem in good spirits. They do not indulge even in unkind words about those who have made them homeless. They seem to be divided in opinion as to their course in future. They all hope to go back to Old Kentucky, and live, labor and die on her soil. Some fear they cannot go back, and think of looking out for employment in the free States; and they have vague ideas of appealing for protection in their rights and immunities, as citizens, to the Federal Government.

THE EXILES TELLING THEIR OWN STORY.

From The Cincinnati Gazette, Jan. 3.

Last evening, at the First Congregational Church (Unitarian), in this city, the Rev. Mr. Boughton, one of the clergymen expelled from Madison County, Kentucky, addressed an audience, which, the extreme coldness of the evening considered, was quite large. After briefly narrating the circumstances in the lives of Fee and Rogers, as also of himself, which brought them to Berea, he proceeded to consider the condition of the colony. When he arrived there he had found a few faithful, noble souls, suffering many privations, destitute, yet cheerful, hopeful and happy, laboring to educate the people; then looking over the condition of the people, in whose midst these were, he resolved within himself that there was a proper field for him in which to labor. He sent for his goods and for his family.

From the first this mission-station has been opposed, but now, a reaction having taken place, mob violence seemed to be far

sonment shows the appreciation that Kentuckians have of freedom of speech and opinion. People from that State will never be molested here for an expression of their opinions. May be they may learn some time that it will be wisest for them to show equal liberality.

A CONNECTICUT CLERGYMAN EXPELLED FROM ALABAMA.

GLASTENBURY, Conn., Dec. 28, 1859.

The Rev. Mr. Alberton was brought to his home—three miles from here—last Friday, with one leg broken and his head and arms bruised, by a fall from the cars, on his way home from Alabama, where he went, a few weeks since, in the employ of Mr. Stebbins of Hartford, peddling books. He was arrested, after the John Brown invasion, on suspicion of evil designs, and imprisoned twelve days. The suspicion was founded on a passage found in a letter of another person, in the same business, from Mr. Stebbins. The suspicious sentence was this: "*Take the best men, be faithful, do your work thoroughly; my agent in this section is the Rev. Mr. Alberton, whose headquarters is at*—," I don't recollect the name of the place. On this expression they founded a suspicion of treason, and sent forthwith to the place and arrested Mr. A., and the mob gathered around and cried out, "Shoot him, shoot him!" "hang him, hang him!" He was searched, tried, and false charges were brought against him, and he was thrust into prison. He was so excited that he finally had turns of derangement.

His case being reported to Mr. Stebbins, he procured testimony of names in Hartford, as Gov. Seymour and others, who could be trusted, and was released and paid $60 for false imprisonment. He was put on board of a steamer on the Alabama River to Montgomery, and thence by cars came home. In a fit of derangement he jumped from the cars this side of New Haven and lay from 6 p. m. Thursday to 3 a. m. Friday, when he was found and accompanied to Hartford.

I saw him on Monday of this week. He is very feeble, and lies prostrate, bruised and mangled, like the "man who went from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves." He is unable to talk much yet, he is so exhausted and excited. He has a family, consisting of a wife and six children; he is an Englishman by birth; has preached in this part of the town five years, and has preached in this county about ten years. He owns a house in Manchester and suspends preaching on account of the inconvenience of moving about with a family of small children. He is a whole-souled, large-hearted Englishman and Christian; a man of unblemished moral character, and in good standing. He spent last winter in North Carolina, and preached at times on the Sabbath in his own and other denominations.

Yours, &c., F. SNOW.

MORE ARRESTS AND EXPULSIONS.

The Charleston *Mercury*, of the 17th ult., says that a man, supposed to be an Abolitionist, of dark complexion, with black hair and a scar over the left eye, about five feet eleven inches in height, and calling himself James W. Rivers, was taken up on the 13th by the Vigilant Committee, tarred and feathered, and the right side of his head shaven.

We learn that two men arrived in this city yesterday morning, having been dismissed from Sumter. Confident in the honesty of their intentions, and feeling innocent of any misdemeanor, they will endeavor to regain their residence at Sumter.

The last two of the whipped pickpockets at Columbia arrived in this city two weeks since. One of them was in such a terribly beaten condition that he has been at the hospital ever since. He bore marks of most inhuman treatment, but has recovered much, from the skilful resources of the hospital. They both will leave the State to-day.

During last week, a few young men, in a frolicking spirit, agreed to play Vigilance Committee, and cause the first man they should meet to give a strict account of himself. They had not proceeded far ere they met a Charleston gentleman, who, surmising that nothing but sport was at the bottom of it, submitted to their catechism, and told them distinctly that he was a South Carolinian and a Charlestonian. One of the self-constituted Vigilants, in the pride of his position, hinted that the matter might be all right; but that an unprejudiced evidence, other than the examined gentleman, was necessary to satisfy him. This was too much, even for the good nature of the impressed gentleman, who squared off, and, by a well-directed blow, landed his persistent examiner in the middle of the street. As his comrades picked him up, he exclaimed; "I reckon he's a Southerner; let's go along!" This was the end of that Vigilance Committee.

A MISSIONARY IN BONDS.

LETTER FROM REV. DANIEL WORTH.

GREENSBORO' JAIL, N. C., Dec. 26, 1859.

I have been three days incarcerated in this jail, on charge of a breach of the criminal law of this State in preaching and selling incendiary books—"Helper's Impending Crisis," &c. The excitement on my preliminary trial was great. I pleaded my own case, but three lawyers were against me. My bonds were fixed at $10,000, a very modest sum in which to bind a preacher. My securities will fill my bonds this afternoon, when I shall again have temporary liberty. My trial will come on in April, and, though conscious of no offence against any just law, and not even against the laws of North Carolina, in consequence of the great prejudice, added to the tremendous excitement, I can hardly hope to escape. The punishment, if convicted, is pillory, whipping and imprisonment. Yesterday, the anniversary of the Savior's Advent, I spent in my prison, in reading my Bible and in prayer. I seemed to hear my Savior's voice, asking, "Art thou ready to suffer for My sake—can'st thou enter into dungeons for thy Savior's love, and suffer shame for My sake?" When I came to the point, and could say, "Yes, Lord, I am willing to suffer Thy righteous will in all things," He poured His love into my soul so boundlessly that I shouted aloud for joy. And let me say that I fully believe if I am sentenced to confinement or other punishment, God will glorify His name by my suffering for Him as much as though I was at liberty and working in His vineyard. O, let me have the prayers of my dear Christian brethren everywhere that my faith fail not, and that I may in patience possess my soul.

Yours in the love of that Savior who suffered shame for us, D. WORTH.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE EXTINGUISHED MR. ROBERT E. RANDALL.

I. FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. DANA.*

Mr. Robert E. Randall to Mr. C. A. Dana.

PHILADELPHIA, 28h December 1859

SIR-Your answer of the 27th inst: to my note of the 26h inst: reached me this morning through the medium of *The New York Tribune* of this day.

I was informed by a gentleman of undoubted character that you were one of the Editors of *The Tribune*, and that the offensive article of which I have complained, belonged to that department of the paper, which is under your especial supervision. The name of this gentleman is at your disposal, if you require it.

You state in your published letter, that it is well known who is the Editor of *The Tribune*- I do not know- The Paper, purports to be "published" "by Horace Greeley & Co.:" and I have been informed that there are several Editors- I, now, request you will give me the name or names of the Editor or Editors—

There are some remarks made by you, in your communication which are uncalled for and irrelevant to the subject matter of our correspondence I pass them by, for the present without answer or comment- It will be time enough to discuss the merits when I have found a gentleman who will acknowledge himself the author of the publication.

I remain, Sir—
Yours respectfully
ROBT: E. RANDALL

To
Mr. CHARLES A. DANA
New-York

Reply.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 29, 1859.

SIR: I have not the honor of your acquaintance, and am not able to understand on what ground you apply to me for the information you desire. You say that you are aware that the publishers of *The Tribune* are Messrs. Horace Greeley & Co. Allow me to suggest that your application might perhaps have been more properly directed to them.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
CHARLES A. DANA.

Mr. ROBERT E. RANDALL.

Mr. Randall to Mr. Dana again.

PHILADELPHIA December 30, 1859

Sir—

Your letter of the 29h inst: has been received, and its contents noted.

On the 26th inst: I addressed you a note in which, in a respectful manner I stated, that I had been informed that the offensive publication in regard to myself, which appeared in *The New York Tribune* of the 23rd instant, emanated from the department of that paper which was under your supervision, as one of its Editors-

In your reply to this communication you state that the Editor of *The Tribune*, was universally known, and by implication, that you were not an Editor of the paper and had no concern in the publication- In my answer of the 28h instant I re-iterated your connection with this publication, and tendered to you the name of the Gentleman, upon whose authority, I implicated you in it; you now submit to the accuracy of his statement, and do not attempt to deny it.

Your note of the 29h inst: in reply to this, states that you have not the honor of my acquaintance, that you cannot understand upon what ground I make the call upon you, and therefore refer me to Messrs. Horace Greeley & Co, the publishers of *The Tribune*

After your letter of the 29h inst: my right to address you cannot be disputed and I do so at this time for the purpose of fixing our relative attitude towards each other, known or unknown

To a just and respectful call upon you for redress, your course has been quibbling, Equivocating and unworthy of a man of truth, honor or courage.

I cannot be mistaken as to the justice of the terms, which are first applied to you, in the above paragraph, if I should be in error as to your sculking from a proper responsibility, you have the opportunity of putting me right, and you will find, upon my part a cheerful acquiescence in any effort you may make to correct my present misapprehension—

I remain, Sir, with due respect
ROBT: E. RANDALL

To.
Mr Charles A. Dana

* See STANDARD of Dec. 31.

Reply.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31, 1859.

SIR: You seem to hunger for a greater notoriety than you now possess; and you persist in writing me letters, though I have given you notice that I do not covet your correspondence.

When a gentleman desires to communicate with another to whom he is a stranger, he procures from some other gentleman known to the one with whom he wishes to communicate, an introduction; this is an indispensable guaranty of his character and standing.

This necessary preliminary to all correspondence between strangers you have neglected; whether because you were not aware of its necessity, or because you were unable to procure it, I am, of course, uninformed. All that I know of you is that you have been arrested by the police for disturbing a public meeting; that your knowledge of the English language is such as is indicated by confounding the verbs "imply" and "apply," by spelling "skulking" with a c, and by ignoring punctuation in general; and that you write me letters marked alike by this peculiar ignorance, by impertinence, and by want of sense. In the absence of all other information as to whether you belong to the upper or the lower classes of society, and as to your personal character and habits, judge, Sir, what must be my impression from these facts.

You addressed to me a demand for the retraction of a paragraph which had appeared in the editorial columns of *The Tribune*, in which your conduct on an occasion when you were arrested by the police of Philadelphia was spoken of as that of a blackguard. To this I answered that I had never seen nor heard of that paragraph until it was printed in the paper, and consequently had had nothing to do with it in any manner; and furthermore that the editor of the *Tribune* was another man than myself, as everybody knows. To this you reply with the assertion that you do not know who he is; and you still require me to reveal to you the author of the paragraph. In your view, then, it is not enough that a gentleman should tell you that he has had no hand whatever in what you consider an offence; you insist that he should turn informer and denounce to you some third party for you to call to account. This may be a rule observed by what you consider "men of truth, honor and courage;" but it is one by which I decline to be bound.

You charge me with quibbling and equivocation; but if I think, on the contrary, that I have told you the truth with considerable directness and plainness. You conclude by promising a cheerful acquiescence in any effort I may make to correct your misapprehension. Precisely what that may mean, I do not pretend to understand; but as at present advised, it is a matter so entirely indifferent to me that I do not propose to make any effort at all.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Mr. R. E. RANDALL. CHARLES A. DANA.

II. MR. RANDALL FLIES TO THE HERALD FOR JUSTICE AND CONSOLATION.

From The N. Y. Herald.

To the Public.

A general invitation, without restriction, was given to attend Mr. Curtis's lecture in this city. I purchased a ticket, and, without concert with any one, attended the lecture. The first part of Mr. Curtis's address was unexceptionable, and received the usual marks of applause, in which I cheerfully united. Subsequently, Mr. Curtis desecrated the name of Washington: he styled the poor, miserable dotard and slave, Dred Scott, the peer of the "Father of his Country;" he further added that Dred Scott was as well qualified to preside over the Supreme Court of the United States as Chief-Justice Taney, or any one of his six associates who constituted the majority of the Court when the case of Dred Scott was adjudicated. When these sentiments were promulgated, in an audible and deliberate manner, I hissed. I neither said nor did anything else which was calculated to interrupt the speaker. I was arrested and taken by the police before Alderman John Swift, the nearest committing magistrate in attendance. I entered into my own recognizance, and accordingly appeared the next morning at ten o'clock before the Alderman.

Before the case was opened the police officer who first arrested me stated that he had taken me for a Virginia medical student, and proposed that the complaint should be dropped. I objected, and stated that if the prosecution was abandoned it would compel me to institute proceedings to defend my rights. The case was fully heard. Alderman Swift reviewed the whole law on this subject; decided that I had hissed in a decorous manner, and that I had an undoubted right to do so.* He therefore dismissed the prosecution.

Mr. Swift has been Mayor of the city of Philadelphia for a longer period than any other incumbent. He was always elected by the Whig party. He was elected to his present office by the opposition, and has hitherto had no affiliation with the Democratic party. He is known to be an intelligent and upright public officer, and he was selected as the committing magistrate by the police themselves. The Mayor, the police and the public at large have acquiesced in the legality of the decision; and, so far as I know, the entire press of this city has not applied to me a single unkind phrase or unfriendly sentiment in relation to this transaction. I have been repeatedly asked why I did not institute proceedings against the Mayor and his police on account of their illegal conduct towards me. My answer is plain. I have never had any reason to believe that I was the object of their ill-will; my rights had been vindicated, and I had no desire to involve myself in the complexity of unprofitable litigation.

At this period the New York *Tribune*, of the 23d ult., published some animadversions reflecting upon me, in which the ephithet blackguard was employed in a manner to bear a personal application to myself. Immediately upon this publication my brother called upon Mr. J. R. Fry, of this city, the brother of Mr. Wm. H. Fry, one of the acknowledged editors, and, I believe, proprietors of that paper. My brother pointed out to him the offensive article, and expressed his surprise and regret that any press with which his brother was connected would publish such malignant and unjust aspersions upon me. Mr. Fry assured him that he knew that his brother could have had nothing to do with the publication, and that it emanated from the department of the *Tribune* which was under the immediate supervision of Mr. Dana, who, he had no doubt, was the author of the article. On the 26th ult. I called personally upon Mr. J. R. Fry to obtain the address of Mr. Dana. He gave me the proper reference, and in conversation he confirmed his prior statements made to my brother.

Accordingly, on the 26th ult., I addressed a note to Mr. Dana, asking him, in a manner respectful and free from the least semblance of menace, to disclaim any intention to apply the term of blackguard or other offensive epithet to me.

The correspondence has been published, and will speak for itself. Mr. Dana has throughout resorted to every kind of reticence and subterfuge. He has assumed the absurd position that an editor, and even a sub-editor, can publish the most scandalous libel he pleases, and the aggrieved subject of attack cannot ask for redress without an introduction from some gentleman known to the slandering aggressor.

Tired of a correspondence with one who had revelled in every species of equivocation and sculking to evade a frank answer to a simple inquiry, which I had an undoubted right to make, on the 30th ult. I addressed to him a letter, in which I told him his conduct had been unworthy of a man of truth, honor or courage; that I could not be mistaken as to the justice of the two first characteristics; but if I were in error as to his sculking from a proper responsibility, he had the opportunity of putting me right, and that he would find, upon my part, a cheerful acquiescence in any effort he might make to correct my misapprehension. Under the affectation of ignorance he pretends not to know the meaning of this plain paragraph, and expects the world to believe him. *Credat Judæus Apella.*

Thus penned in, and unable to escape from the difficulty he has brought upon himself by his own prevarication and want of candor, he has endeavored to avoid the real issue and direct attention from it by a commentary upon the accuracy of my language. He has made a criticism upon my punctuation, which is totally groundless, and is too frivolous to deserve notice. He states I have used the verb "imply" for "apply." If so, it is a mere clerical error. I have before me the first and only draft, in my handwriting, of that letter, in which the phraseology is correct, though in a hasty transcript it is possible an error may have occurred. But in the eyes of this *belles lettres* scholar, I have committed the unpardonable mistake of spelling the word "sculking" with a c, and not with a k. The application of the term sculking to him seems to have created no feeling on his part, but he is shocked at my barbaric ignorance of orthography.

The words sculk, sculker, sculking, and the other derivatives from the same root, are sanctioned by the highest authorities in the English language. Johnson, in all the editions of his work, including the fourth as revised and improved by himself; Ash, Bailey, Walker, Richardson, Webster, Goodrich, and Worcester, all spell this word with a c, and they cite Dryden, Swift, Prior, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others of the most eminent English writers, to sanction the spelling which I adopted. They recognize the use of the letter k, but clearly indicate their preference for c.

The public will very naturally ask by whom I am arraigned for a want of an accurate knowledge of my mother tongue? By C. A. Dana, a sub-editor of the *Tribune*, who exhibits nothing but awkwardness in his style, a want of punctuation in almost every sentence he has written in this controversy, and who introduces himself to my notice, in his letter of the 27th ultimo, with the following grammatically accurate and beautifully turned sentence: "Permit me, however, to observe that it is universally known who is the editor of the *Tribune* and that IT IS another man than ME."

An apologetic word to the public. I know many think that I am bestowing upon this miserable sculking sub editor, who is a disgrace to the useful and honorable profession with which he is connected, more notice than he merits; but I am anxious to place myself *rectus in curia* before my fellow-citizens. Who and what I am are well known where I live, but I am comparatively unknown abroad. When Mr. Curtis defamed the "Father of his Country," and reviled the most eminent men in the nation, I assumed the responsibility of hissing him, and I did so with a full knowledge of its consequences. I have no personal ill-will for Mr. Curtis; but I believe I was right in what I did, and by it I am willing to stand or fall before our common country. ROBT. E. RANDALL.

Philadelphia, Jan. 4, 1860.

III. MR. RANDALL EFFECTUALLY EXTINGUISHED.

[Mr. Curtis's lecture was not extemporaneous, but written; and therefore, in order to illustrate Mr. Randall's mendacity—to show, in other words, that his morals are exactly on a par with his manners—Mr. Curtis had only to turn to his manuscript and give to the public the *exact words* which wounded the sensitive patriotism of this young scion of one of the "fastest" families in Philadelphia. See how quietly Mr. Curtis puts an extinguisher upon Mr. Randall.]

To the Editor of The New York Tribune.

SIR: In *The New York Herald* of the 6th of January appeared a communication signed by Robert H. Randall, and dated Philadelphia, in which the following statement is made:

"A general invitation, without restriction, was given to attend Mr. Curtis's lecture in this city. I purchased a ticket, and, without concert with any one, attended the lecture. The first part of Mr. Curtis's address was unexceptionable and received the usual marks of applause, in which I cheerfully united. Subsequently Mr. Curtis desecrated the name of Washington. He styled the poor, miserable dotard and slave, Dred Scott, the peer of the 'Father of his Country.' He further added that Dred Scott was as well qualified to preside over the Supreme Court of the United States as Chief Justice Taney, or any one of his six associates who constituted the majority of the Court when the case of Dred Scott was adjudicated. When these sentiments were promulgated, in an audible and deliberate manner, I hissed."

The substance of this statement is repeated at the close of the communication, as follows:

"When Mr. Curtis defamed the 'Father of his Country,' and reviled the most eminent men in the nation, I assumed the responsibility of hissing him, and I did so with a full knowledge of its consequences. I have no personal ill-will for Mr. Curtis; but I believe I was right in what I did, and by it I am willing to stand or fall before our common country."

It is impossible, of course, for any man who speaks in public upon controverted topics to correct the misrepresentations of his sentiments and words which appear in the papers; but the circumstances of the delivery of my lecture in Philadelphia were such that I wish to state "to the public" precisely what I said upon that occasion.

After speaking of the public opinion of the world and of this country, and of the framers of the Constitution of the United States, as expressed by themselves, upon the slavery question, and immediately after quoting Madison's declaration that posterity was not to know from the Constitution that such an institution as slavery had ever existed in the country, I said:

"Thus, therefore, as I believe, the Constitution of the United States, in its essential spirit and intention, recognizes the manhood of Dred Scott as absolutely as it does that of the President, of the Chief Justice, or of any Senator of the United States."

* The man who made this decision, the readers of THE STANDARD will bear in mind, is the one who, as Mayor of Philadelphia in 1838, permitted Pennsylvania Hall to be burned by a mob without even an effort to save it. He is a man who subordinates his oath as a magistrate to his individual and party prejudices.—*Editor.*

Later in the lecture I said, what was certainly not very original:

"If Washington, or Jefferson, or Madison, should utter to-day upon their native soil the opinions they entertained upon this question, they would be denounced as fanatical Abolitionists."

These were the only passages in the lecture in which I alluded to Washington or Dred Scott.

New-York, Jan. 7, 1860. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

To the Editor of The Philadelphia Bulletin.

DEAR SIR: In your paper of to-day is a card to the public, from the *New-York Herald*, signed Robert E. Randall, in which the writer asserts that Mr. Curtis, in his lecture on "The Present Aspect of the Slavery Question," at National Hall, "desecrated the name of Washington; he styled the poor, miserable dotard and slave, Dred Scott, the peer of the 'Father of his Country'; he further added that Dred Scott was as well qualified to preside over the Supreme Court of the United States as Chief-Justice Taney or any of his six associates who constituted the majority of the Court when the case of Dred Scott was adjudicated," and adds: "When these sentiments were promulgated, in an audible and deliberate manner, I hissed."

Will you permit the undersigned, who listened with attention to Mr. Curtis, from the commencement to the close of his lecture on that occasion, to state, in justice to him, to Mr. Randall, and the public, that Mr. Curtis used no such language, nor any language that honest ingenuity could torture into such meaning.

JOHN HUNT, WM. D. KELLEY,
EDW'D T. STEEL, GEO. A. COFFEY,
WM. B. THOMAS, CHAS. D. CLEVELAND,
J. WARREN COULSTON, JOHN WISE,
GEO. B. MOORE, C. C. JACKSON,
SAM'L M. CLEVELAND M. J. EVANS.
W. J. P. WHITE, THOS. W. PRICE.

Philadelphia, Jan. 6, 1860.

☞ See letter of Philadelphia Correspondent in another column.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS in arrears will find their bills in this week's STANDARD. Bills are also sent to those whose subscription for the current year has recently become due. Those owing for more than six months will be immediately stopped, unless immediate payment is made, except where there is some special reason to the contrary.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION.

THE Anti-Slavery families who have so long made Boston the seat of this annual social occasion gratefully renew their invitation to all the early friends of Freedom, and cordially extend it to the multitudes of new friends in every part of the land, whom the past year has made; earnestly entreating the satisfaction of their company at

THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON,

On Wednesday, January 25th. Soirée at 7 o'clock.

☞ The general arrangements for the day and evening the same as last year.

We, who now unite in this heartfelt invitation, are not of Northern origin exclusively; some are of the South, and some have been slaveholders. But all, seeing clearly that the present must be a year of unwonted moral exertion, if the country is to be carried successfully through the present hopeful crisis, unite in entreating their friends to meet them in this way at its opening, for mutual understanding and cooperation, counsel and encouragement, sympathy and congratulation. Never were the signs of the peaceful extinction of slavery so full and propitious to the eyes long trained to read them aright.

We shall shortly send special invitations to both earlier and later friends; and, in the meantime, we entreat all who love their native land, and are beginning to feel deeply moved to serve and save it, to consider the necessity of steady, long-sustained, unremitting exertion, such as we carry on, and to uphold it now by presence, if possible—at all events by letters and by sympathy. The names of such as have reasons for avoiding publicity will be sacredly kept, and our grateful expressions conveyed to them by private acknowledgment.

Let none who sympathize with us be absent because our special invitation may fail to reach them; for accident and omission, however carefully guarded against, are almost unavoidable in issuing invitations on so large a scale; and the occasion is one that will, we trust, bring to our acquaintance many now unknown to us, whose cooperation will be most valuable.

We entreat any whose love of the cause induces them to hesitate about making what they account a small subscription to remember that while the largest sum is small in comparison with the grandeur of the undertaking, the smallest may be the expression of high feeling, high thinking, and self-sacrifice.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY, ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING, ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN, SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD, ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT, SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON, EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN, ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON, AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL, ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS, ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON, ELIZA APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY, ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW, MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT, MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ELIZA ANDREW, SARAH P. REMOND,
SARAH CABOT ATKINSON, MARY E. STEARNS.

Special notes to all our eloquent and esteemed friends have been forwarded; yet it is hoped that none who feel their hearts drawn towards this reunion, and their lips touched to utterance, will be absent because of any accidental failure of the invitation to reach them.

The Evening of
THE 25TH OF JANUARY,
at the
MUSIC HALL, BOSTON,

must needs be one of the brightest hours of the year 1860; for it will be animated by that keen social enjoyment that can spring only from devotion to a sublime and sacred purpose.

The hours of reception during the day are from 12 to 4 o'clock. Guests at the evening Supper-party are expected at 7 o'clock. Since speeches and music are expected from so many eminently qualified guests that each must necessarily be shorter than could be wished, all possible time will be secured for this interchange of mind and heart.

After the guests have been welcomed by the ladies on the platform, each will be found at her own tea-table, to receive the subscriptions of her friends; and thenceforward, till the speeches, songs and conversation of the supper-table are over, subscriptions will always be in order.

By the previous appointment of Presidents and gentlemen-ushers, with careful foresight in organizing every arrangement necessary to a social reunion on so much larger a scale than is common, a power of service to the cause will be ensured, equal to the social satisfaction of the occasion.

☞ No admittance fee is permitted; but the notes of invitation, *previously* countersigned by each guest with name and address, must be presented at the entrance.

☞ Vestiaries and careful attendants are secured.

THE LEGISLATURE.—Mr. Powell has already given notice in the Assembly of his intention to introduce a Personal Liberty bill. The Speaker has appointed a Special Committee, consisting of Messrs. H. Smith, Powell, Savage, Vermilye and Pettit, to take charge of the petitions and report to the Assembly. As the Speaker is a warm friend of the measure, we may presume that he has constructed the Committee in such a way as to ensure a favorable report. Now is the time, therefore, to pour in the petitions. If in any place the matter has not been already attended to, we beg any friend of the cause who may read this paragraph to undertake the work of circulating the petition without an hour's delay. We have printed the form many times, but we give it again.

To the Honorable Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

The undersigned, citizens of ——, State of New York, respectfully ask you to put an end to SLAVE-HUNTING in New York, by enacting that no person, who has been held as a slave, shall be delivered up, by any officer or court, State or Federal, within this State, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes "service or labor" to such claimant, by the laws of one of the slave States of this Union.

*HELPER'S "COMPENDIUM."**

WE designed earlier to have called the particular attention of our readers to this new edition of a most valuable, pregnant and spirit-stirring book.

On the first appearance of "The Impending Crisis of the South," more than two years ago, we bestowed emphatic praise upon its substance and its form, its idea and its method. It had these four very great merits.

It was a direct and forcible address, by one of themselves, identified by birth, education, interests and prejudices with them, to the non-slaveholding whites of the South.

It displayed, in a series of startling but impregnable statistical tables, derived from official sources, the *immense* disparity, in every department of material welfare and of intellectual development for the mass of the population, between the free and the slave States of this Union; a disparity unaccounted for except by the presence of slavery in the one and its absence from the other.

It demonstrated the power possessed by the white non-slaveholders in Southern States (in consequence of their great numerical superiority) to effect the peaceful and certain abolition of slavery; and it elaborately described the method, from beginning to end, by which this power might be exercised.

Finally, it made to these non-slaveholders a most spirited and stirring appeal, conjuring them, by every principle of honor and self-respect, of noble and manly enterprise, of duty to their respective States (of which they, as the majority, are the rightful controllers), and of regard to the honor and welfare of their posterity, to commence this open movement for emancipation without delay, and to press it, as rapidly as possible, to the utter extinction of slavery.

The second of these four things had been done, and well done, in a little volume called "The North and the South," published in 1856. Mr. Helper's examination of these matters, however, seems to have been an independent one, and in the three other features of his work above described he has been strictly an original pioneer, surveying and marking out a practicable road to freedom, and also an energetic leader, calling upon those concerned to rally and unite in the enterprise.

The volume now given us has been reduced, by a little abbreviation, but chiefly by the use of a smaller type and closer lines (not, however, too small or too close for comfortable reading), to less than half the bulk of its predecessor, and to the low price of twenty-five cents. It is suited to be eminently useful to every man and woman, North and South; and we earnestly recommend to all to read and meditate upon it, to speak and write for it, and to lend and give it, to the extent of their means and opportunities.

Most of the "notices" of this Compendium by the periodical press have bestowed high and well-deserved praise upon it; we have seen, however, one unfavorable criticism, which deserves notice, both from the character of the objection and the literary eminence of the *North American Review*, which makes it.

The October number of the *North American Review*, in a critical notice of Mr. Helper's book, bestows due praise upon its elaborate statistical tables, which present the facts of freedom in such emphatic contrast to the facts of slavery. It finds these timely and useful, and thinks they would have made the most valuable anti-slavery book ever yet published, but for one great error, which (in its judgment) entirely destroys the value and neutralizes the good influence of these portions of the book; and this error is the manner in which Mr. Helper speaks *of* the slaveholders, and *to* the white, non-slaveholding population. The portion of the book thus objected to bears the same relation to its eulogized statistical department (in kind, though not in bulk) which the "application" in an old fashioned sermon bore to the "doctrine."

When a minister considers his function to include the office of prophet quite as much as that of priest, that is, when he considers the rebuke of sin, especially of popular sin, to be an indispensable part of his business, it is very common for his hearers to complain of the "application" of a sermon which, without this addition, they would have esteemed a "very good sermon." They will say—Why needed he to spoil the sermon by personality? Why take a course which must inevitably end in the loss of his influence? Why present truth in such a manner as to disgust his hearers?

On the other hand, it may very fairly be asked—What is the use of a truth which is carefully guarded against being reduced to practice? Is truth made merely to be kept laid up in a napkin, or set up for exhibition in a glass case? Mr. Helper's critic admits the facts contained in his statistical tables *to be* facts. He admits that the slaveholders are (numerically) an insignificant minority of the Southern white population, and that the majority of that population suffer enormous injury and detriment, in every department of their true welfare, from the continuance of slavery among them. He admits that it is precisely because of slavery that the South is inferior to the North in thrift, enterprise, agriculture, commerce, manufactures, social and individual security, manners, morals, religion and decency. He admits that the non-slaveholding whites, far outnumbering both the slaves and the slaveholders, have, as far as this consideration goes, the best right to be regarded, and to regard themselves, as "the people" of the South, and democratically to adapt its institutions, manners and customs, to their necessity and advantage. These things being true, the only way to make this truth useful is to reduce it to practice; that is, for the majority of the citizens of every Southern State, who are the white non-slaveholders, to associate for the purpose of taking immediate and active measures against a system which is pernicious in the highest degree both to their own interests and to the honor and welfare of their State. If Mr. Helper's tables are really true, the slaveholders are to the white non-slaveholders just what Austria is to Italy; the worst of evils, the most dangerous of enemies, the power against which all their resources and energies should at once be directed. In no other way than by such action can the publication of such truth as is contained in Mr. Helper's tables be made practically useful. We must conclude, then, that if, gaining this information from other sources, or seeing and feeling it, each one for himself (as indeed these evils are visible to the naked eye in every slaveholding State), the non-slaveholders of the South had *spontaneously* taken possession of their manifest rights in the way that Mr. Helper has pointed out, it would have met the approbation of all who believe in rights, and the vindication of them.

But conservatives are accustomed to believe in privileges much more than in rights. The old adage—"Possession is nine points of the law"—bears sway not less in the realm of ideas than in that of material things. The reconciling power of propinquity is so great that even evils, when long use has accustomed us to them, come to have, in some sort, the aspect of old friends, so that we instinctively resist any effort made from without to dislodge them, and feel a sense of loss rather than of gain in their removal. Indeed, we all bear some resemblance to Miss Edgeworth's old Irish woman, who, when her foster-son, in the gratitude of his heart, had built her a nice slated cottage, with a properly constructed chimney, instead of the smoky cabin she had always lived in, complained that there was no smoke and she was "kilt with the cowld."

If, in addition to the evils so vividly portrayed in the statistical tables of the "Impending Crisis," the non-slaveholders of the South are too ignorant to see that the power of remedying their evils is legitimately and constitutionally in their own hands, or if they are too fearful or beset by too many actual dangers, to begin this series of movements without the rallying call of a leader, is it not the right and the duty of any one of their number who feels himself competent to this leadership to speak? If in each Southern State a non-slaveholding citizen had urged such facts, and such an application of them, upon the attention of his fellow-citizens, would not he have been right? And how then has Mr. Helper been wrong?

The truth is that the ponderous respectability, the "eminent gravity" of the *North American Review* has been so long accustomed to acquiesce in things "as they are"—to assume that the powers that be are ordained of God in approbation, instead of for retribution—that, in regard to this whole matter of slavery, it has eyes without seeing, and ears without hearing, and organs of intellect without understanding. When it thinks of THE SOUTH, it thinks of the power which calls itself by that name, and which has been allowed to make this unspeakably impudent pretence, and to act as if it were true, by the absurd supineness of nine-tenths of the men and women of the Southern States, who have laid still and allowed themselves to be trampled on. When the *North American Review* thinks of THE SOUTH, it not only ignores the rights and interests, and the very existence, of four millions of slaves and one quarter of a million of free blacks, but it leaves entirely out of consideration the existence of nearly six millions of non-slaveholding white people, with *their* immensely important rights and interests; it thinks of the power which has stolen and pocketed the government of this country, and which has nearly secured a monopoly of the appointment of Presidents and Cabinets, Senators and Representatives, foreign ambassadors and officers of the army and navy, and leaves unregarded, and *disregarded*, *the people* of the South, to whom belongs so large a share of those functions.

Taking this view of what "the South" is, our critic says of Mr. Helper—

"The effect of his statements is vitiated by the frequent use of terms of opprobrium and contempt for his opponents, and by the suggestion of modes of action impossible in the very nature of things, and, in our view, unjustifiable were they possible."

The statement of the *North American Review* that a certain movement is "impossible in the very nature of things" carries a certain weight with it. Fortunately, it proceeds to release us from the burden of authority by giving its *reason* for this judgment, as follows:

"This plan would be impracticable, inasmuch as the major part of those to whom the appeal is addressed are directly dependent on slaveholders, and would be driven to starvation were they to assist this hostile attempt."

It is true that the action of the non-slaveholding whites of the South, for the last half-century, has given but too much countenance to this contemptuous estimate of them. Their body of nearly six millions have certainly acted as if they felt themselves thoroughly subordinate to, and dependent upon, the 347,525 persons who constitute the entire body of slaveholders in this country. But we decline to make the blunder in regard to them which the community generally make in regard to the colored race, of estimating their possible by their actual. It was said of Tom Thumb, in the play, by an envious detractor—

"He made the giants first, and then he killed them."

The non-slaveholding Southrons, by their servility and supineness, have *made* the little oligarchy, who contemptuously rule them with a rod of iron, but have never plucked up spirit to rise and overthrow them, as they might have done in any year since the revolution, if they had had wit enough and manliness enough to apply the ideas and the method of that revolution to their slaveholding masters as well as to their English masters. This course, so far from being "impossible in the very nature of things," is so possible, and so just, and so indispensable to their welfare, that their submission, thus far, to a power at once inferior to them and injurious to them, is unspeakably disgraceful. And it will become yet more disgraceful every year that it is continued, since Mr. Helper's vigorous appeal has pointed out to them the realities of their situation. The *North American*, however, proceeds to say of Mr. Helper's programme—

"But were such a proceeding practicable, we have grave objections to it, as involving a disruption of social ties and obligations among neighbors and fellow-citizens, and creating a condition of things which would be attended with all the rancor and maligity of civil war."

This comment of conservatism upon reform is curious and instructive. Admitting the basis of statistical facts, the critic denies the most obvious and necessary deduction from these facts; solicitous to avoid "the rancor and maligity of civil war," he ignores the fact that civil war permanently exists in our Southern States, as everywhere in the domain of slavery, since the interests of masters and slaves are diametrically opposed to each other; and finally, dreading the disruption of social ties among "neighbors" at the South, he answers the serious and momentous question—*Who is thy neighbor?*—with the unbesitating declaration—The 347,525 slaveholders, and *not* the nine-and-a-half millions of white and black non-slaveholders! This last position derives additional significance from the fact that the editor of the *North American Review* is a clergyman! Does he preach to his people to refrain from all action in the cause of temperance, lest they should peril their social relations with the rum-sellers?

To us it seems that both abstract truth and the practical welfare of the country require an opposite view of this whole matter. We regard a right application as the best part of a good sermon; and we think the best part of Mr. Helper's book to be the free, fearless, direct manner in which he deals with the one point of greatest interest to his fellow-citizens, the great mass of the Southern people. He has given what they most needed alike to the educated and the ignorant, the sensible and the stupid, the courageous and the fearful. He has told them what is the evil, and how it is to be met; what are their rights, and what the mode of vindicating them; how they have thus far wasted, and how they may now begin to use, their right to a really republican government, and their right to see that the republic, once established, receives no detriment. He has well understood the greatness of his country's need, and the strength of the trumpet-blast which is required to awaken sleepers on such enchanted ground. He has done well to adopt a tone which startles timid respectability and cold conservatism. Animated, impassioned, electric as this tone is, it has fallen short of the necessities of the case; it has failed to arouse the present interest, to excite the immediate action, to which its author nobly

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 9th, 1860.

In the chain of events described in my last as having led to the outbreak of Fair week, there was a link omitted. I allude to the great meeting held at National Hall on the 2d of December. This was an imposing demonstration. The immense hall in which it took place was filled to overflowing, and the deepest interest was manifested in its proceedings. James Mott, whose "hoary head *is* a crown of glory," presided with his wonted dignity, and Dr. Furness, Lucretia Mott, Robert Purvis, Theodore Tilton and Mary Grew spoke with their accustomed boldness and power. An attempt was made by Southern students and others to break up the meeting by a row, but it was unsuccessful; which fact, together with that of the enthusiasm with which the sentiments of the speakers was received, so irritated the pro-slavery party as to precipitate the *denouement* of Fair week.

I refer to this meeting not, of course, to describe it, for that has been fully done in your paper of the 10th ult., but to supply the link which was needed to complete the narrative.

It appears that one of the heroes of the suppressed émeute at National Hall, not content with the figure he cut on that occasion, is bent on still further distinguishing himself. He has rushed into print, and "written himself down an"—unwise man. He could not have chosen a better place than the one he selected in which to make his record. *The Tribune*, of all others, was the paper to do him the fullest justice. The correspondence between him and Mr. Dana is the raciest bit of reading of the kind we have had for a long time. You have published part, why not give us the whole of it in THE STANDARD? A little light reading of this kind makes a refreshing variety in your usually staid and solid columns. It is as good as a play—and better. For Sheridan's "Bob," of whom one is naturally reminded, was a fictitious hero, but Mr. Dana's is a real one. His friends here, "in the community in which he lives," enjoy him, as thus reproduced, to a high degree.

The other gentlemen who distinguished themselves in the Union-saving effort at the National Hall have not imitated their confrere, Mr. Randall, in his attempt to retrieve the losses of that occasion. They seem disposed to court the shades of oblivion. In this at least they show their wisdom; it would be gratuitous to disturb them.

Our city has returned to its wonted quiet, and things move on as prosperously as ever. The Union meeting has done but little harm, and the exodus of medical students none whatever. The former is a matter of some mortification to respectable Philadelphians, especially when they recollect the vitriol and paving-stones, but the latter—so far as my observation extends—occasions among decent people no regret at all.

The State Legislature convened last Wednesday, and Governor Packer sent in his Message. This, in style and general spirit, is a creditable document, and gives a very satisfactory account of the affairs of the Commonwealth. The State debt is steadily decreasing, our bonds are among the most desirable securities of the country, and education among the people is rapidly on the advance. Gov. Packer does himself credit and the State a service by the importance he attaches to our Common School system and the pains he takes to foster and elevate its character. He is happy in having such a man in his cabinet as Attorney-General Knox to second his efforts.

But, while the Message, in its general tone, is satisfactory to most Pennsylvanians, there was one part of it impossible to be read by right-thinking citizens without shame and confusion of face. I allude to the ill-judged felicitations of the Governor at the manner in which the State, through him, has performed what he styles her "confederate duty." The Message says, alluding to the affair at Harper's Ferry:

"To us, as Pennsylvanians, it is gratifying to believe that the citizens of this Commonwealth have not, in any manner, participated in this unlawful proceeding, and to know that when some of the guilty perpetrators were arrested, within our jurisdiction, they were promptly surrendered to the justice of the offended and injured State."

How does Gov. Packer know that Hazlitt is one of the "guilty perpetrators"? He has not been tried, neither has he been indicted. Both he and Cooke were surrendered on the demand of Governor Wise, without waiting for the forms usually deemed necessary in such cases for the administration of justice. They were surrendered to an arrogant and indecorously expressed demand, and with a haste unbecoming the dignity of a powerful State like Pennsylvania. It may seem expedient to Gov. Packer and his constitutional adviser to put on record and blazon abroad these reiterations of Pennsylvania's loyalty to the South, but the sequel may prove that these hasty performances have been works of supererogation, and the subsequent boasts of them as ill-advised in policy as unbecoming in taste.

Gov. Packer says:

"It is a source of satisfaction to know that the slave population of Virginia were contented with their condition."

Now, admitting that it is becoming in a Democratic Governor of a free State to feel and officially express satisfaction at the contentment of slaves with their lot, how does Mr. Packer "know" so confidently that the slaves of Virginia are in this satisfied condition? What proof has he, except the assertion of Senator Mason, made the week following the outbreak—an assertion which neither he nor any other man in responsible position has had the effrontery to repeat till it was taken up gratuitously by the Governor of Pennsylvania! The Virginians "know" that their slaves were not contented. They "know" that it was they who burned the stacks and barns and poisoned their cattle, and that it was for fear of them, more than of a Northern invasion, that 2,500 men were for weeks stationed in the County of Jefferson.

Governor Packer, not content with saying, as he had a right to say, that "it is a high offence against the peace of our Commonwealth for disorderly persons to combine together for the purpose of stirring up insurrection in any of the States, or to induce the slaves in the Southern States to abscond from their masters," goes on supererogatorily to add:

"And it would be proper, in my judgment, for the General Assembly to consider whether additional legislation may not be necessary to insure the prompt punishment of such offenders against our peace and security."

Now, if that be the suggestion of a statesman and not a demagogue, we should like to have it demonstrated.

In stating the obligations of the Federal Union, Gov. Packer is entitled at least to the credit of candor. He says:

"In determining our relative duties toward our sister States, the morality of servitude is not an open question, for we are bound by the legal and moral obligation of the compact of the Union, under which we have been brought into existence, and preserved as independent States, as well as by the principles of international law, to respect the institutions which the laws of the several States recognize, and in no other way can we faithfully fulfil our obligations as members of this Confederacy."

Take notice: to a true citizen of the Union, the "morality of servitude is not an open question"; he must go it blind. Right or wrong, conscience or no conscience, God or no God, he must deliver up the fugitive slave and shoot down him that would rise. I don't wonder that, in stating this proposition, the Governor tried to get a milder word, and substituted *servitude* for slavery. But the meaning is the same, and the Governor has properly set forth the conditions of the bond. Let them comply who can; we are not of that number.

Our delegates to Congress have thus far behaved with proper spirit, and shown a capacity for the duties to which they have been appointed. Hickman and Grow, Stevens and McKnight have each taken a conspicuous part in the proceedings of the uncrganized House, and, in the manner in which they acquitted themselves, have reflected credit both on themselves and on the State which they represent. Mr. Hickman has shown himself to be a man not only of ability, but of reliability as well.

The failure of the House to elect a Speaker occasions less regret than, *a priori*, might be supposed. If they should keep up their wrangling till the 4th of July, and then break up without being organized, I don't see that it would make a great deal of difference. The importance of the Federal Government to the peace and prosperity of the country, is an article of faith less confidently cherished than it used to be be. Trade, commerce and the business of life generally have their own laws, and the most that a free community wants is not to be interfered with. To the industry of the North the Federal Government is a fifth wheel to the coach; but to the South its value is not to be over-estimated. It is the prop that sustains the whole Southern system. Take it away, and the fabric topples over.

I don't know whether the fact has been stated in your paper, but, if it has not, it ought to be, that Butler and his wife and child, the parties who were abducted by Myers and other kidnappers from Dickinson Township in this State, have been restored to freedom, and are living in the same house from which they were stolen. How this was brought about would be too long a story to tell here; suffice it to say, it was the result of a compromise, in which Myers was let off from the penalty of his crime, Warfield and Strasberger compelled to abandon their unlawful claim upon the woman and child, and a purchase effected by friends in Cumberland County of the unexpired time of service of Butler. The criminals, though saved from the penalty of the law, have been badly punished, justice has been vindicated, and all parties seem to be well satisfied. Cumberland County, including her court and bar, comes out of this contest rather more creditably than she did out of some preceding controversies of a similar kind.

Since writing what I have penned above about Mr. Randall, I have seen a letter bearing that gentleman's signature, copied from the New York *Herald* into the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, which is in several respects worthy of notice. It argues a sudden and most surprising proficiency in orthography and rhetoric. If it had been written by Mr. Randall's father, or brother, or his law-partner, Mr. Harrison, formerly of Harper's Ferry, Va., it could not have been done better. A natural sequence to the previous correspondence would have been a notice to Mr. Dana—according to the street-fight code—to expect a visit from him, or an attack whenever they should meet; but Mr. Randall takes another method. He drops the truculence of the bully and argues his case like a lawyer. He changes his venue, too, and goes into the columns of *The Herald*, and there makes an appeal to the public on the merits of the controversy. And he makes out quite a plausible case, assuming his facts to be facts; but, unfortunately for him, Judge Kelley and a dozen others follow him in *The Bulletin*, emphatically denying the truth of his statements. So that the poor man is left without a vestige of defence, and his last dilemma is worse than the first. And now, while I am writing, here comes *The Tribune* of to-day with a note from Mr. Curtis confirming the denial of Judge Kelley and others, and entirely sweeping away what little there was left of the quondam Robert Randall.

M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9, 1860.

There is every prospect now that the long contest in which the two great parties have been engaged in the House of Representatives will soon come to an end, and it is not at all unlikely that the pro slavery party will succeed. The last card of the pro-slavery men has been the nomination for Speaker of a Douglas man, from Texas. I refer to Mr. Hamilton. It is a somewhat singular fact that while he is a friend to Mr. Douglass, he is also a disunionist, and can therefore get the votes of the Southern ultraists and the North-Western Democrats.

The ballot taken on Saturday evening showed that two of the heretofore outstanding anti-Lecompton men have gone over to the enemy, and now only Clark of New York, Reynolds of Albany, and Adrain of New Jersey remain. For myself, I have no confidence in Clark. He represents the wealth of New York, and any man who does that cannot be trusted to withstand the seductions and the demands of the Slave Power. I may do injustice to Mr. Clark—he may refuse to the last to support the candidate of the pro-slavery Democracy, but I fear he has not the moral courage either to vote for John Sherman or hold out against the candidate of the Slave Democracy. Adrain of New Jersey is in pretty much the same condition. He *may* continue to the end, as he stands now—he *may*, under the plurality rule, vote for Sherman, but I fear not. Somehow the pro-slavery party always wins in such contests, when the decision rests with Northern Democrats, whether disaffected or otherwise. Mr. Reynolds of Albany is sure to go for Mr. Sherman, but the issue rests with Clark and Adrain. If they go over to the enemy, the disunionists of the South will command a great triumph. In view of this state of things, the Republicans, a few of them at least, talk of withdrawing Sherman and putting up a man who can command a few South American votes. But against this policy there is the almost united voice of the Western and Eastern Republicans. They would rather be whipped by the enemy than give up Sherman. To take up Gov. Pennington of New Jersey, or Tom Corwin of Ohio, would not be so bad a thing in itself, under ordinary circumstances, but just now it would seem to be an abandonment of Sherman because of his endorsement of the Helper book.

One great good would result from the election of a Democrat for Speaker, if a great many evils were attendant upon such a result. If Mr. Hamilton of Texas is elected Speaker of the House by the united votes of the Democrats, Americans and anti-Lecompton men, henceforth there will be but *two* parties in the entire country. Third parties would be wiped out, and the naked issue be presented between the Slave Democracy and the Republicans. It is useless to deny that, at present, there is great danger that the Republicans will abate somewhat of their anti-slavery sentiment, perhaps of their principles, for the sake of getting support in the slave States. Not that they expect any slave States will elect Presidential electors other than Democrats, but they want the moral support of a Southern wing to their party. This is the view of a few timid Republicans, who are frightened by the Southern panic, and who seem to believe that the Union cannot be saved nor the Republican party triumph unless it lower its platform so that Southern slaveholders and pro-slavery men everywhere can stand upon it.

The great body of the Republican members do not share these sentiments, but are boldly for clinging, at all times, to their distinctive principles, be the consequences what they may.

The week which has closed has revealed no new movement in the House, except the one I have above referred to—the nomination of Mr. Hamilton by the pro-slavery members. There has been a running debate all the week upon the slavery question, and the insolence of the slaveholding members has shown no abatement. Threats of disunion may not have been indulged in quite so freely as during the first week of the session, but the bearing of the slaveholding members towards the free States, the Republican members, and free institutions, has been overbearing, irritating, and malignant. So far have these Southern bullies carried their hatred of good men and good institutions that two or three of the Republican members were determined to administer to them a scathing rebuke upon the spot.

Mr. Regan, of Texas, set out with a professedly conservative and conciliatory speech, but he had not proceeded far before he arraigned Massachusetts for her, as he alleged, manifold violations of the Constitution and offences against the South. Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, who is one of the truest exponents of Massachusetts feeling on this slavery question in Congress, replied boldly to the Texan arraignment, and charged home upon the slaveholders that *they* are the guilty parties who violate the Constitution and the laws of the land. He referred to the famous Hoar mission to show how Northern men are treated in the slave States. McQueen, of South Carolina, sprang instantly to his feet to defend his State. He declared that South Carolina not only compelled Mr. Hoar to leave the State, but that she was proud of it, and would serve any other Northern intermeddler in the same fashion!

The fact is that to day, in point of fact, the Union *is* dissolved. What constitutional right has any Northern citizen to-day in a slave State? Is the right of free speech and a free press protected in a single slave State? Not in one. Every prominent Republican in Congress is abused like a pickpocket, in violation of all parliamentary rules. A Virginia member, only two days ago, called Mr. Seward "a perjured traitor," and a week or two ago another slaveholder declared in his place that Mr. Seward ought to be hung. Yet Mr. Seward is a member of the other branch of Congress, and is, by all parliamentary usage, entitled to protection from such insults in Congress. But the man who fills the Clerk's chair in the House is a puppet of the Slave Democracy. He has no more backbone than an eel; and if a member were to rise in his place and call Mr. Sherman by name a scoundrel, he, the Clerk, would not have the manhood to call him to order.

The day of such men must pass away, or despotism will forever triumph in this country. Bold men were never needed quite so much as now. Not rash men, but *men of courage*. The slaveholders are frantic, and timid men are afraid of them. It needs the best sort of courage to resist them in their schemes and personal attacks in Congress just now. Such men as Thaddeus Stevens, Mr. Dawes, Mr. Bingham of Ohio, and many others I might name, are ready at all hazards to uphold the fundamental idea of the Republican organization—opposition to the extension of slavery, and opposition to the general policy of the slaveholding party. But there are others I might mention who wish to sink the slavery agitation, who care more for a tariff or some other political nostrum than they do for human liberty. But it matters little how individuals may act—this great "conflict" will go on until slavery is overthrown, and every human being within the limits of the Union will enjoy all his natural rights.

There is a possibility of disunion, however; and if it should take place, for all that I can see, the white and black races in the South would go down in ruin together.

AVON.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU....No. XXI.

DECEMBER 19, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: I suppose this will reach you by New Year's Day. Permit me to offer, on behalf of the friends of your Cause here, our hearty wishes for a happy new year to your Cause and its supporters. It seems to us that no year has yet opened so manifestly charged with great results, affecting vitally the political and social condition of everybody, of any complexion, in your country. It is impossible but that your whole social situation must have greatly changed before the New Year's Day of 1861. On this side the water, we are slow in believing that great changes are about to happen to you, because the Washington newsmen are in the habit of using the strongest language on the commonest occasions, and of uttering solemn protestations and prodigious prophecies which come to nothing. They have announced the end of every sort of world so often that we wait to hear the crash before we rouse our expectation. This time, however, there is substantial evidence, which we can judge of for ourselves, that your republic is plunged into a crisis which must essentially alter the conditions of her existence. Now that one part of your great nation has hanged as a criminal a man whom the other part is canonising as a saint, it is clear that the opposition must be solved, in one way or another; and that there can be no delay in bringing on the solution. You are well aware, no doubt, of the perpetual wonder we live in here that you, as a people, do not settle the business out of hand. No explanations about compromises, and Southern encroachments, and political parties, avail in the least to clear up the matter while your Census shows us the number of your citizens, the proportion of whites in the South, and of slaveholders and of slaves. The conclusion always is, "Well, there they are—the people of the North, with their immmense preponderance of numbers, their wealth, their free literature, and all the means of keeping up with the rest of the world, which the Southern men have not. If the men of the free States do not extirpate slavery from their national policy, it can only be because they do not wish it." Now, therefore, when we see more signs than ever before of a genuine and wide-spread abhorrence of slavery, we conclude the North will proceed to cut it out of the Federal Constitution at least. If so, those who live to see another new year will see you fairly entered upon a new phase of national existence. May it be so done as to render the coming year memorable throughout many generations and ages!

Up to last Friday we had, perhaps, more hope than we were conscious of that, by some means or other, John Brown's life might be prolonged. I, for one, was not conscious of any hope; but, when the mail arrived, the news it brought fell leaden on our hearts. It is not difficult to reconcile ourselves to it, seeing how the community is wrought upon by his courage and calmness, and remembering how trying a life-imprisonment must have been to the bereaved old man; but these considerations do not comfort one at the moment of sympathy with his wife and friends. You probably saw in our newspapers a letter from Victor Hugo, and another from an Englishman, proposing, in the belief that Brown had been respited, that England should interpose on his behalf, and seek his pardon, as on a former occasion, when a man was so saved from being hanged at New Orleans for running off a single slave. But if there had been time, the thing could not have been done. There is no analogy between the cases. We could not have interposed on the side of an armed invasion of any part of the territory of an ally; and if we should have committed such a breach of international faith, we should have forfeited all our influence—which is great—on behalf of negro freedom. The unjustifiable character of the act operates thus far; but there it stops; and I trust no English heart is insensible to the heroism and devotedness of Brown, and, I must add, his wife. Nothing is finer, as far as I know, than his conduct in the closing scenes of his life.

The year opens portentously in other countries than yours. The first day of the present year was a rousing of the world to witness the beginning of the conflict between the old period and one which is to succeed it—we know not when. The shock administered by the French Emperor to the representative of Austria, at the Tuileries, on New Year's day, conveyed to others than Austria a prophecy of the suicidal policy of the Bonapartes, and of the final shaking of the old despotic thrones. In the course of the year a great part of Italy has become practically free; and this is a good beginning; but more arduous things remain behind. Professedly, the Congress is to settle the affairs of Europe in a few weeks; but, in the present roused state of all nations, a Congress must resolve and act in accordance with the necessity of the time—that is, the will of the nations—or it will be simply set aside. With or without a Congress, there must be changes which will introduce a new period of European history. Just cast a glance over the attitude of every nation in Europe, this New Year's Day, and say whether such a position can be preserved for many months.

Austria is avowedly on the verge of dissolution. Hungary is in open disaffection, not to say rebellion; only, we do not apply the word to a nation like the Hungarians, who are not properly subjects of the Austrian empire, but only of an Austrian Prince as King of Hungary. Other countries, which really are provinces of the Austrian empire, are no less disaffected. Indeed, there seem to be none that are in any degree satisfied. The Emperor is ignorant and obstinate; the Imperial family are dispersed by their own quarrels; the government is insolvent, and it has lost its financial honor. The only support now is the French Emperor, who exposed all this weakness, and now pats his late foe on the back, and encourages him in his notions of governing. Then there is Turkey, full of capabilities of all kinds, but troubled and declining under hopeless misgovernment. There are the Papal States and Naples, insulted by the rule of stupid despots and crafty priests, aided by foreign soldiers. Some good many of the Pope's subjects have shown that the present state of things at Rome and Naples is not likely to last many days. Then there is Piedmont. Long before the coming year is out, it must be decided whether the King is to be in truth a constitutional sovereign, or whether he is to go on to be the tool and the slave of the French Emperor. Nowhere is a pronounced change more needful and more inevitable than in Piedmont. Then the Central Italian States must have their independence established or overthrown within a few months. Spain has entered on a career of trouble, having insisted on going to war with a Mussulman nation, which may yield more trouble, and less glory, than she imagines. A crusade against the Crescent is scarcely justifiable in our day, in any light; and Spain should have discharged her debts before plunging into a war which would have kept well, as nothing was done on the side of the Morocco government to bring it on, but everything possible to avert it. We English have had occasion to know something of the relation between Spanish "enthusiasm" and its practical achievements. Then there is "the eldest son of the Church," who is giving the old Pope so sore a heart, and the Italian States a still sorer. Before the lapse of another year, the French Emperor must have made up his mind for or against Italian freedom, or have brought upon himself the consequences of his indecision or craft. Already it is felt that he is more the victim than the master of the situation he has thrust himself into; and he will probably soon find that he and his new Austrian friend are not strong enough to extinguish the aspirations of Europe. No one ever attempts, unless it be the Emperor's flatterers, to prophesy what will be the state of things in France at the end of a year; but it is some comfort, on behalf of liberty, to see the Emperor plunged in perplexity at the beginning. Russia is in the midst of the perilous enterprise of emancipating the serfs, in which the Czar has the sympathy of every good heart in Europe. But the dangers and embarrassments are very great; and no catastrophe could astonish us, convinced as we are that any delay would have aggravated the peril. The state of trade and scarcity of money are misfortunes of great weight at the moment; and a worse is the recent severity of the Czar to the Poles, which compares unfavorably even with the bearing of Austria to the Hungarians. Another year will find Prussia and her German neighbors united by a better federal bond than the present, or in increased danger from France. As for us, the coming year will do much towards making us a military nation, as far as that sort of development is needful for purposes of peace and security. We are daily advancing in our military accomplishments, and in the reform of our army organization and training. We are going to fortify our arsenals and dockyards, being thoroughly willing to spend any amount of wealth necessary for removing all temptation to invasion involved in our deficiency of safeguards.

We have every blessing of plenty and prosperity and content at home. As a people, we never before were so well employed, so well fed and comfortable, and so well satisfied with our national lot.

You will hardly see any contradiction to this in the recent outpourings of treason in Ireland. The mere fact of the impunity with which the Romish Mitchels of the day utter their nonsense proves what the practical freedom of Irishmen is. The rise in the condition of all classes of the people there, the rapid increase of population now, and the necessity of shutting up some of the workhouses, from the falling off of paupers, and the extension of tillage and rise in the value of land, all indicate a state of high prosperity and content. The exception is the stir made by the Pope's special clique of priests. You will wonder, as we do, whether it can possibly be ignorance which causes these priests to revile the Queen and the English generally for the woes of the Pope, when it is precisely the English government which has held aloof from the Italian struggle, while the Pope's "eldest son" is he who had shaken the papal throne. All the Pope's enemies are Catholics, and the most urgent are his own subjects. Thus, the railing of the Irish priests is somewhat fantastical in its spirit, its assertions and its direction. If you have read these pieces of oratory, you will have seen that the educated Catholic laity, and many of the priests, disclaim sympathy with these meetings, and the censures uttered at them, while grieving for the Pope, as his spiritual subjects must and ought. Nothing will come of the movement, though great mischiefs have before happened in Ireland on grounds quite as unreasonable. No official notice will be taken of mere oratorical treason, which events will soon rebuke. There is no homefelt discontent in Ireland now, except, as in England and everywhere, on some remediable points, involving no essential question of government. What I have said may be quite unnecessary; but, while French and Romish agitators talk of bumbling us through Ireland, as our weak point, our chronic ailment, it may be as well to show you that "we have changed all that," and can prove that Ireland is one of the happiest portions of the empire. If we do not put arms in their hands, and ask them to turn riflemen, it is simply because they are still apt to quarrel among themselves, and to go to blows on the mere sight of weapons. We may hope that the next generation will have outgrown this propensity. Meantime, they are left to their peaceful labors, each man being free to learn rifle practice if he likes, but no "faction" being put in the way of temptation to fight his neighbors, instead of waiting for the enemy. Once more a happy New Year to your Cause, and all who uphold it!

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

A series of Anti-Slavery Conventions will be held as follows:

Auburn	Thursday and Friday, Jan.	12, 13
Utica	Monday and Tuesday, "	16, 17
Poughkeepsie	Monday and Tuesday, "	23, 24
Hudson	Wednesday, "	25
Troy	Friday, "	27
Easton	Saturday and Sunday, "	28, 29

Addresses by PARKER PILLSBURY, AARON M. POWELL, MARIUS R. ROBINSON, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, and others.

Sessions afternoons and evenings, at 2 and 7 o'clock.

The platform will be free to all candid discussion of the question.

Let there be a grand mustering of the hosts of Freedom, to provide, by the enactment of a PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW, for protecting our State from the prowling kidnapper; and to remove the whole SLAVE SYSTEM, before God shall arise in His anger, and swell the HARPER'S FERRY scenes into a RED SEA deluge for the destruction of our worse than EGYPTIAN OPPRESSORS.

Our readers will notice some changes of date in the above announcements since the last issue. The meetings for Troy and Easton are now announced for the first time.

STATE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The New York State Annual Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in ASSOCIATION HALL, at ALBANY, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, Jan. 31, and Feb. 1 and 2.

Speakers: WENDELL PHILLIPS, PARKER PILLSBURY, M. R. ROBINSON, LEONARD GIBBS, AARON M. POWELL, Mrs. J. ELIZABETH JONES, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, and others.

Convention to commence at 2 1-2 o'clock Tuesday, p. m.

Let every County in the State be represented. This, surely, is the hour for the friends of Freedom to rally at the Capital, that our law-makers may feel the united voice of the Empire State for a PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

The New York State Woman's Rights Convention will be held in ASSOCIATION HALL, ALBANY, on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3d and 4th.

Addresses will be delivered by WENDELL PHILLIPS, Rev. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL, Mrs. FRANCES D. GAGE, J. ELIZABETH JONES, Mrs. TRACY CUTLER, and others.

First session to commence at 2 1-2 Friday p. m.

CONVENTION AT LOCKPORT, N. Y.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

A large and very successful Anti-Slavery Convention has just been held here, in Arcade Hall. The Rev. Mr. JUDSON, of this place, presided.

The sessions during the day time were only tolerably well attended, but both evenings the large hall was completely filled. The Convention was addressed by PARKER PILLSBURY, SUSAN B. ANTHONY and AARON M. POWELL. The discussions, which were very earnest and radical, commanded most thoughtful attention, and, to a great extent, expressions of hearty approval. The "impending crisis" multitudes of people are beginning to realize as never before.

Very truly yours, L.

Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y., Jan. 7, 1860.

INFORMATION WANTED.—We have received the following letter, which we copy with all the precision of which types are capable:

Alvira Pa Jan' 4 1860

Your National anti Slavery Newspaper is not taken up out of the office I dont think it necessary for you to send any more they are not the right stripe for the people in this part of the country

Therfore you will not nead to send any more

P. M. Alvira Postoffice

Lycoming County

The names of the men Pema

whom you have been sending them I will mention so that you may know which it is

We presume the postmaster at Alvira, Pa., to be, if not a gentleman of elegant attainments, at least one who has some decent knowledge of his mother-tongue, and who is sufficiently acquainted with the duties of his office to know that an official letter requires a signature. We shall disregard, therefore, the pretended order of this pro-slavery, Buchanan rascal who wishes to deprive our subscribers at Alvira of THE STANDARD, and, while he assumes the official designation, has not the courage to forge the name of the postmaster. If any subscriber at Alvira wishes to stop his paper, he must ask it himself or send his order through the postmaster. Till then the paper will be sent and will have to be paid for. If the subscriber neglects to take his paper from the office, or has requested the postmaster to notify us that he wishes to stop, then that official is responsible by law for the subscription price so long as he neglects his duty.

A WORD FROM MISS WATKINS.—A friend sends us the following extract of a letter from FRANCES E. WATKINS, dated Dec. 9th. It should have been published earlier, but was crowded out by the press of matter connected with the affair at Harper's Ferry.

"I am in Ohio now, and speaking on the Fugitive bill Is it not shocking, the boldness of the slave-hunters since the triumph of the Slave Power in Northern Ohio—that wretched swapping affair? Did you see the account of a late arrest of a man to whom about 15 minutes' trial was given? Fifteen minutes to bid adieu to freedom, and then to be cast into the gaping jaws of American despotism! Oh, my friend, do you not sometimes feel almost heart-sickened? But you, in your mountain home, only hear of these things; what must it be to dwell in the midst of them? Now, will you write to me as soon as possible? I shall not long make any demands on your friendship; the doctor thinks my lungs are weak, and that I need rest more than medicine. That rest may soon be the unbroken slumber of the grave. Well, I hope that the Everlasting Arms will shield me forever from the guilt, the power and pollution of sin. There the mortal woe and sorrow may never surge against me, and these cries of wrong and suffering never enter, to wake up my soul and disturb me. Should I not be permitted to labor much longer, will you not remember my poor blighted and crushed people, and do what you can for them? Virginia has sacrificed that dear old man who laid his hands upon the bloody citadel of American slavery and shook the guilty fabric to its base; shall not, my dear friend, his blood be a fresh baptism of freedom, his grave a new altar where men may record more earnest vows against slavery? Shall it not intensify your hatred of slavery and deepen your love of freedom, and give you fresh vigor to battle for justice and right?"

THE KENTUCKY EXILES.—We have no space for comments upon the expulsion from Kentucky of John G. Fee and his associates. The story is as thrilling as any of the narratives of the persecutions of the early Christians, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. What an illustration does it afford of the spirit of slavery and its incompatibility with the freedom of speech! In the cavalcade that surrounded the house of Mr Rogers, to warn him and his friends of the consequences of remaining in the State, how many were members of popular orthodox Churches? Watch the religious journals of the North, which habitually record every instance of Popish persecution against Protestants, whether at home or abroad, and see what they say of this banishment of Christian men from the soil of Kentucky for the crime of believing and proclaiming that it is a sin to treat God's children as property!

MEETINGS IN COLUMBIA COUNTY.—Aaron M. Powell, in a letter dated Ghent, Columbia County, Jan. 3d., says: "Charles C. Burleigh spoke here, in Friends' meeting-house, on Sunday afternoon last, and gave one of the ablest discourses I have ever heard from him. His theme was 'Slavery and Harper's Ferry.' He has recently spoken in several adjoining towns, to great acceptance." Mr. Powell and his sister held a meeting at Chatham Four Corners, in the lecture-room of the Methodist Church, on the 2d inst. It was much larger than any meeting of the same character ever held there before, and a very gratifying state of feeling was exhibited. We are very glad to hear that Miss Powell, who is a young lady of fine natural powers and a graduate of the State Normal School, is disposed to serve the cause as a public speaker so far as her occupation as a teacher will permit.

THE DIAL.—We invite attention to the prospectus, in another column, of a new periodical which is to bear this name and to be conducted in a similar spirit to that which characterized "THE DIAL" of 1838-9. Many of our readers, we hope, will gladly welcome such a publication and do what they can to sustain it. The prospectus would have had an earlier insertion but for the extraordinary pressure upon our columns since it came to hand. But it is not too late to make an effort in its behalf. Mr. Conway is known to our readers as one who has the courage to speak his whole mind upon all questions of public interest—the very man, in a word, to be the conductor of such a periodical.

PROPHECY.—*The Herald* is begining to appreciate the power of the Anti-Slavery Movement, and, in its despair, it utters this prophecy: "Already the Republicans are more than half abolitionized, and the process is still going on at a fearful speed. The moderate men will be carried away by the resistless current; and when the politicians, who always go with the strongest side, find out the strength of the revolutionary element, they will yield themselves up to its sweeping energy, preferring to be borne on the crest of the wave rather than to be overwhelmed beneath its weight."

If any friend of the anti-slavery cause is inclined to take a discouraging view of its prospects, perhaps this cry of despair from an enemy may do him good like a medicine.

NEW YORKERS EXILED.—The *Evening Post* says:

"Among the passengers of the Columbia, which arrived in this city, from Charleston, on the 4th inst., were several who were driven out of the State, on suspicion of entertaining anti-slavery sentiments. None of them, as we can learn, have violated any law of the State; but the excitement is so great there that a bare suspicion of entertaining feelings hostile to slavery is deemed sufficient ground for expelling men from the State, however honest or industrious their habits of life. The same steamer, on her next last voyage, brought home an ex-police-sergeant of this city, who was notified to leave the State within a certain time, or be driven out by force."

PARKER PILLSBURY delivered a characteristic and powerful discourse, on Sunday evening last, in Corinthian Hall, Rochester. His subject was "The Need of Moral Agitation"; his text, "I came not to send peace, but a sword." The audience was quite large. AARON M. POWELL will speak in the same place to-morrow (Sunday) evening. His subject will be "The Christian Citizen."

MRS. MASON, the Virginia correspondent of Mrs. Child, is, we learn from the *Chester County Times*, a native of Bucks Co., Pa. Her maiden name was Chew. She has relatives residing in that County—sound anti-slavery thinkers and doers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE JOHN BROWN INVASION: an Authentic History of the Harper's Ferry Tragedy, with full details of the Capture, Trial and Execution of the Invaders, and of all the Incidents connected therewith. With a lithographic portrait of Capt. JOHN BROWN, from a photograph by Whipple. Boston: James Campbell, 62 and 64 Cornhill.

The compiler of this pamphlet is Mr. Thomas Drew, formerly editor of the *Massachusetts Spy*, and now connected, in a business capacity with the *Atlantic Monthly*. In the preface he says:

In the preparation of this history of the John Brown invasion, the compiler has endeavored to give a faithful and connected narrative of events in the order of their occurrence. Noticing with what eager desire everything relating to the affair was sought by all classes of people, and the especial interest that was manifested in every circumstance that related personally to "The Hero of Harper's Ferry," he has sought to combine in these pages every fact and incident relating to the event, which the friends and admirers of the man would wish to preserve, as mementoes of the simplicity of his character, the nobility of his purposes, the disinterestedness of his motives, the sublime heroism of his deeds, and the remarkable piety by which he was governed and sustained.

The portrait which accompanies the work is pronounced by Captain Brown's New England friends as the best ever taken. It is lithographed by Bufford, in the very best style of the art, from a photograph by Whipple, and will be recognized by all who were familiar with the features of the original, as a faithful delineation of the features of him who has so recently and so forcibly illustrated the lines of the poet, that

"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

We judge, after a hasty glance, that Mr. Drew has done his work well. The likeness of John Brown shows his face unbearded, and on that account will probably be preferred by many to any other that has appeared. The appendix contains WENDELL PHILLIPS's Brooklyn address, "The Lesson of the Hour," a full report of the Boston "John Brown Meeting" (including the speeches of Phillips, Emerson and Manning), and a refutation of the slanders upon the character of John Brown in connection with the Pottawattomie massacre.

The pamphlet is sold for 25 cents. A copy of it should be placed in every family in the land. It is the very fuel with which to feed the fires of the great Revolution (God grant it may be peaceful!) which will yet sweep away every vestige of slavery from this country.

—Our friend at Cleveland (H. F. M. B) will see that the work which she proposed to do is already done (essentially) by another. If, however, she is still inclined to pursue her contemplated task, we will gladly publish her prospectus.

HARRY LEE, OR HOPE FOR THE POOR. New York: Harper and Brothers.

An unpretentious volume, full of interest and calculated to do good; not a novel, and yet a story which recognizes the fact that people will sometimes get in love. It aims to show the reclaiming and elevating tendency of kindness and affection, and traces a lad from New York degradation through youth to manhood, acquaints him with a virtuous, well educated girl in Ohio, who aids him in acquiring the rudiments of an education, and to whom he becomes ardently attached; but whether she reciprocates the sentiment or not can be found out by reading the book. At first neither are Christians, but in time "Ellen" becomes such, and the charm of the story resides in its naturally portraying the influence which she exerts over the hero. The book abounds in scenes of unstudied pathos, and an unobtrusive spirit of unsectarian religion pervades it throughout. It will repay a perusal.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN BROWN.—We have received a pamphlet containing the proceedings of the "John Brown Meeting" at Cleveland, including speeches of Rev. J. C. White, C. H. Langston, R. P. Spalding, Rev. A. Crooks, J. H. W. Toohey, D. R. Tilden, Rev. Mr. Brewster and A. G. Riddle. The proceeds of the book are for the benefit of the widows of the killed at Harper's Ferry and at Charlestown. Price 25 cents, postage paid. Address H. F. M. Brown, Cleveland, Ohio.

MARRIED.

FRENCH—ABBOTT.—In Philadelphia, 12th month 1st, by Friends' ceremony, Richard French to Julia A. Abbott, daughter of the late Wm. S. and E. Shaw Abbott, all of Philadelphia.

HUMPTON—MARSH.—In Sadsbury, Pa., on Thursday, the 5th inst., by the Rev. A. Reed, Mr. Hanford Humpton, of Nobleville, Lancaster Co., Pa., to Miss Lizzie Marsh, of Sadsbury, Chester Co., Pa.

MCCLELLAND—MARSH.—On the same day, by the same, Mr. J. S. McClelland, of Tiffin, Ohio, to Miss Henrietta Marsh, of Sadsbury, Chester Co., Pa.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Receipts for The Standard, from Dec. 1st to January 1st.

1042	H. A. Guild, Waterford,	New York,	$1 00
1050	John Dyallin, Newville,	"	4 00
1067	J. Walpole, Keeseville,	"	2 00
1050	John Addison, Lockport,	"	3 00
1072	Mrs. Mary A. Brown, North Elba,	"	2 00
1070	John T. Hoyeborn, Ghent,	"	2 00
1072	Mrs. C. M. Riqua, Peckville,	"	2 00
1070	James Campbell, Rochester,	"	2 00
1064	Wm. Marsh, South Barre,	"	2 00
1040	B. Schieffelin, New York City,		3 40
1040	W. D. Conger,	"	2

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE SLAVE GIRL'S PRAYER.

Within the fairest of the Southland's bowers,
Beneath thy blue, star-jewelled canopy,
Amid the clustering vines and fragrant flowers,
Father, in agony I kneel to Thee!

Still through the leaves I see the moonlight gleaming,
Still hear the far-off murmor of the sea;
But ah, no longer comes the old, sweet dreaming;
In anguish deep and strong I kneel to Thee!

The dreams of childhood, they were glad ones ever;
I knew not then the misery of my lot;
Too soon I learned; and in my soul, oh! never
Can that dark hour of suffering be forgot.

Once every flower and wave and star seemed given
To fill my heart with joy; now all is o'er;
The glory of Thy earth and sea and heaven
But mocks my woe—it gladdens me no more.

I know that Thou art merciful and tender,
Thou can'st not bear, unmoved, the prayer of woe;
Oh, take me to Thee! let me now surrender
This hated breath—my spirit longs to go.

Ah, worse than death the doom of shame and sorrow,
That now, oh! Father, waits thy suffering child!
The horrid fate that waits me on the morrow,
Whereat my heart grows sick, my brain turns wild.

Only to die! it seems not much to pray for!
'Tis but a little boon, yet oh, how blest!
And the crushed soul, with naught on earth to stay for,
Enters with joy into that perfect rest.

The night speeds on! and yet Thou dost not hearken
To the last prayer e'er to be breathed by me;
Closer the clouds of anguish round me darken,
For I am losing faith and hope in Thee.

Oh, hear me, Father! let it not be shaken—
My trust in Thee—my only hope of peace.
Oh, grant my prayer! for if by Thee forsaken,
By mine own hand my miseries must cease!

From friends, from kindred, every loved one parted,
No heart to pity me, no hand to save,
I seek the refuge which the broken-hearted
Find only in the quiet of the grave.

Salem, Mass., 1859. C. L. F.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XXII.

[Concluded from last week.]

Rachel had closed the cabin door and windows, lighted her little wick lamp, and was giving Maria her supper, while everything looked cosey and comfortable in the cabin.

"Here, child" (this is a kindly mode of expression peculiar to the negroes, and is generally applied without regard to age), "take something to eat; drink this tea; it will give you strength. I want to have a little talk with you."

"Has anything happened, Rachel?"

The poor fugitive was trembling with apprehension.

"Nothing new."

"You looks so serious."

"Do I?"

"Yes, an' you skeers me. Do tell me right out, an' at once, what it is dat's on yer mind. Is dey arter me? has dey foun' out whar' I am?"

The poor, wretched creature crawled closer to Rachel; her eyes were staring fearfully; each feature wore an anxious expression, and every limb of her body trembled; creeping up nearer and nearer to Rachel's side, she seized hold of her garments, clutched at them, with mute entreaty in each gesture and motion of her body.

"Oh, Rachel, hide me; don't give me up if dey come fur me. Take kere of me, bury me, kill me, do anything, but don't give me up. If ole miss gits me agin, dey'll persuade her to send me down de river, an' I couldn't stand dat. Oh, Rachel, don't give me up. Save me, an' God'll bless you; I know he will."

Rachel's eyes were full of tears, but she turned aside to hide them from Maria.

"Let go me, Maria; don't be so frightened; you know I will do the best I can for you; but if the worst comes, I shall be ruined with you."

"You, Rachel! why, what could dey do to you? You is free."

"But I am *yellow*-skinned; negro blood is in my veins. I have no citizenship; I am a mulatto woman, on a par with slaves and cattle" (there was inconceivable anguish and bitterness in the tone).

"Isn't free people safe?"

"Safe from what? Surely not from the white man's insults, malice and oppression. No, Maria, I have no power to assist you when your place of concealment is once discovered; then I shall lose all that I have, perhaps my own freedom."

The poor fugitive did not perfectly understand this, but she caught at the latter part of the sentence, and, recoiling a few paces from Rachel, she wrung her hands violently, drew a long, determined breath, then said, in a composed tone,

"No, Rachel, I isn't gwine to stay here any longer; I'll go out dis very night an' try to make my 'scape by myself if I ken; if not, I hope Tom Hynes's dogs'll kill me, tar' me all to pieces afore dey takes me back to bondage; but I ain't gwine to stay here an' bring trouble on you, who has befriended me. No, I kan't do dat no how. What! take yer freedom from you? No, indeed, dat trouble mustn't come to you by me. I knows, from dis little drop I has had, how sweet freedom is, an' I ain't gwine to be de means o' yer losin' it. I'm gwine now, Rachel."

"What do you mean, foolish woman? You cannot think of venturing out into the woods to-night; you do not know a single path, and it's a dark night."

"God is in de woods, Rachel, same as He is here. I'll call to Him. May be He'll hear a runaway's prayers."

"And He'll not return a fugitive." Rachel said this in a low tone and with uplifted eyes. Taking Maria's hand within her own, she added,

"You shall stay with me awhile longer. To-morrow I'll see your husband. We must have him interested in our secret. Perhaps he can assist in getting you to the river; he may know the names of some of the friends on the other side who will assist you. I can't think it is right for you to stay here another week; I have had bad dreams, and all the time I seem to see trouble before us. To-morrow I'll try to arrange. Go now to your closet."

Maria caught Rachel's hand and held it for a moment within both of hers, showering it with her fast-falling tears. When she had been fairly stored away for the night, Rachel trimmed the lamp, drew out the little table, and began to sew; she was too anxious to think of sleep. Belonging, as she did, to that wild, poetic negro race, she also inherited their susceptible temperament, and was subject to strong mental impressions, which almost amounted to foresight or clairvoyance. She was accustomed to say *I feel* such and such things, or *I see it so*, and no reasoning or statement of fact could change her impression, which, when examined, always proved a revelation. Now she *felt*, almost realized, that trouble was at hand. Her fingers moved nervously along the seams of her work; her eyes, too, were restless and anxious, searching round, every moment or so, as if expecting to see something or some one. As the hours wore on, her fears began to subside, and quiet was gradually returning, when she heard sounds of footsteps under the window. She listened nervously, stole to the window, put her ear against the closed shutter, but could distinguish nothing. Concluding that her fancy had deceived her, she began to prepare for bed, and was soon sleeping soundly as if there was no such thing as care in the world.

Next morning, she was surprised by a visit from Hetty. After the first salutations had passed, the woman, without any formality, explained at once the object of her visit.

"I know, Rachel, you'se s'prised to see me here, but I jest got off from my folks by sayin' I wanted to go have a frock cut out. I hain't much time, bekase I mus' be back in time to git de dinner. Rachel" (the woman was a little embarrassed and began to play with the corner of her apron), "you's bin kind to me. You helped me at a time when everybody else forgot me. I'se not de one to overlook or misremember dat, so I come to you now to warn you dat you is in danger, an' to say dar is dem about dat means to bring you harm. Now, don't ax me no questions, bekase I kan't answer none; all I ken I'se tole. I'se got no more to say. Only, Rachel, I begs you, if you has got rich white friends what'll save you, to go to 'em at once an' let 'em help you."

"Can't you tell me what kind of danger I am threatened with? I shan't ask you for names or persons; only let me know what I am suspected of or how endangered?"

Hetty hesitated a moment or so; then, brightening up, added, in a brisk tone,

"Yes, I'll not forgit what you'se done for me, an' I'll tell you dis much. Folks, some folks, b'lieves you has a runaway hid here. Oh, Laws!" (she pressed her hand to her lips and looked round terrified) "oh, Laws! is anybody in dar (pointing to the chamber) to hear me? I'se most feared of de sound of my own voice."

Rachel thanked her heartily for the kind interest she had manifested, but did not say that there was a necessity for the warning.

"Now, Rachel, I must be gwine, but do, chile, be lookin' arter yerself. I kan't bar to think any trouble is gwine to happen to yer. Good-bye, an' take kerc of yerself."

Shaking hands, they soon parted. Poor Rachel! A great stone seemed rolled tightly against her heart; she was in an agony of doubt and vexation, and, like all generous persons, feared most for Maria, and determined at once to hunt up aid in some friendly quarter. Of course the first one whom she thought of was Maria's husband.

CHAP XXIII.

"Papa," exclaimed Madge Vertner as she entered the library, where her father sat reading—"papa, where did you hire Milly and Jack?"

Col. Vertner turned his head toward his daughter, laughed, held out his hand, but did not answer her question. She stood a few paces from him, with her hand resting on the door-knob and her eyes fixed firmly upon his face.

"Come here, my child." His hand was still extended toward her; refusing to take it, she answered,

"No, papa, I shall not go to you nor take your offered hand until you tell me what you have done with those negroes. You promised me not to sell them; you surely have not lied to me?"

"*Madge!*"

"Yes, papa, I ask again if you have lied to me?"

"I don't understand this language. You are not used to speak so to me. I have spoiled you, as your mother says, by over-indulgence."

"Papa, where are Jack and Milly?"

"I do not recognize your right to interrogate me. You are my own petted child, the dearest thing on earth to my heart; but if necessary—as I now begin to see it is—I can restrain you and urge my authority against your wilfulness and insolence. Is it fit that I should be cross-examined by my own child about my own business affairs?"

"Papa, I do not cross-examine you, but propose one simple, direct and earnest question; I only ask if you have violated a promise made to me, and I hold that there is nothing unfilial in this. You ought to answer me *directly*."

"Do you think, dear, I would deceive you, save for your own good?"

"Papa, you have sold those negroes; you sold them to that trader whom I saw in the jail. You have broken your solemn promise to me. I trusted you as I would have trusted Heaven. When I first heard of this lie (papa, you need not start nor get so pale; I know the word I use; it is the word that fits your action), I could not believe it, and did not until evidence was given. I wish I had never heard it; for, papa, though I still love you, my *respect* is gone forever. You are not the father of whom *I* can be proud. After this, I shall require something more than your assertion to prove a thing to my reason."

"Madge, go out of this room."

"No, papa, I am cooler now than you, and here I shall stay until I tell you all that I feel. I have been thinking much of this matter. Oh, papa!——"

He had risen from his chair and was pacing the room with a nervous and rapid step; a deadly whiteness overspread his face, and he ground his teeth in silent rage, all the while locking and knitting his fingers together. Stopping quickly in front of his daughter, he seized hold of her arm, saying, in a slow, husky tone,

"Girl, do you suppose I'll be bearded by you in this way? Get to your room quickly, or you will urge me to something I may regret."

Never once, not even for a single moment, had she allowed her eye to leave his; it was fastened, locked upon him—that eye of such wondrous power, strong enough to be the tamer of the fiercest passions! He seemed to realize the charm, and, passing his hand over his own eyes, he said, in a kind voice,

"Don't look at me that way; don't; you will kill me. Madge, Madge, your father is unhappy—is miserable; pity him"; and, sinking down into a chair, he covered his face and wept as a child.

Without seeming to regard him, she still stood with her eyes drooping, as if anxiously studying out the figures upon the carpet.

Col. Vertner soon re-collected himself, and, resuming his wonted air, asked,

"Madge what or who has set you upon this catechizing of your father? Yes, I did sell the two slaves for whose pardon you begged with all the pretty grace of a pretty girl. I sold them because they had betrayed their master's trust and confidence; they were petted slaves—had a comfortable and happy home, which they could not appreciate, and I have provided another for them, where they will learn the value of the one from which they tried to fly."

Her eyes were fixed upon him; he marked their varying light and the alternate flushing and paling of her cheek; but still she did not speak. He smiled kindly; her features, however, did not relax; they were moveless and rigid as marble. He again held out his hand; she seemed not to notice it.

"Madge, my girl, what does this mean? You are not angry with your papa? Come, my bird, come, sit upon my knee. What! you won't come? Well, get your hat and let us have a ramble; the keen air will give you a better mood."

"I don't wish to."

Her head was now partially turned from him. He walked up to her and passed his arm lightly round her waist, but she gently slid from him.

"What! won't let your father come near you? How is this, Madge?"

"You have *betrayed my trust and confidence;* when slaves do this to their masters, they are sold; but when parents betray their children's confidence and trust, what, then, is the forfeit?"

Her eyes were glittering like a serpent's when she fastened them upon him. Determined not to be again daunted by her, he extended both hands, and, with a smile of admiration, said,

"It seems that my only child is going to do worse than sell her father—she is going to desert him, take her love from him, and so let his heart starve. Now, when I sent Jack and Milly from this home, I provided another for them; but where can you find me another child?"

"It is no jesting matter, papa; moreover, you did not find Jack and Milly another home; you sold them to a negro-trader, who bought them as if they were cattle, fully resolved to sell them for the highest market value, either together or separated, as circumstances might determine. All this, papa, you knew, and had promised me differently. You have *meanly* deceived me."

"And can't you forgive me? I am sure they have good homes. I'll see Harrison (the trader) and ask him how and where he sold them; and if they haven't good homes, I'll try to get them back. Now, are you satisfied?"

"*How can I believe you? I had your word before.* I trusted it fully, but you deceived me. This time I require something stronger."

He bit his lip, frowned slightly, turned away from her, and, after a moment's silence, began to hum an old air, perhaps by way of showing indifference, but we know that these bitter taunts and home-thrusts stung him to the quick. Madge, without fully comprehending her power, yet understood that she could move him. She remained silently observing him. He felt that her eyes were searching his face like a basilisk's, and tried, by every possible little artifice, to avoid their sharp glancing; by walking about the room and playing with the books upon the table and in the cases. It is a terrible thing when a father is humbled and confused with conscious guilt in the presence of his own child.

"Come, Madge," he at length said, "sit down on this sofa beside me, and let us talk the matter over. I am sorry, dear child"——

She came forward and took the seat designated by him. He attempted to take her hand; this time she did not resist, but passively submitted.

"Darling," he began, in a slow, low tone, "you are the closest and dearest thing to my heart; if you turn away or grow cold, I shall have but a small hold upon life. You are the one sweet, precious link between myself and a happier period of existence. Madge, I watched and waited anxiously through all your wayward, uncertain infancy (you were at first a feeble child); and when you began to wax in strength and grow in beauty, I felt as if life were not all a blank, for you were the charm. You have been very dear to me—a solace and comfort. How tenderly I have watched the unfolding of your true character, feeling every day that you grew dearer and dearer! Your out-door life, your woods-sports, your quickness and boldness, though displeasing to your mother, were delightful to me, for I recognized in them the freedom and honesty of a brave nature. Day by day you have grown more into my heart, until now I feel that you are its very light and life. I am getting old; and as the sands shift and the colors get dim in my glass, I cling the closer, sweet child, to you, and in your blithesomeness realise and renew the flowers and sunshine of my lost May."

His voice grew faint and tremulous, and a moisture was on his eyelids. These signs of emotion were observed by Madge. She slid a little closer to him, pressed his hand, turned her face full upon his, and, observing the tears in his eyes, her head sank upon his shoulder, and she broke out in an impulsive voice,

"Dear, dear father, do you love me so *much?* Am I all this to you? Are you unhappy? I thought you kind and affectionate, but I believed that you lived more in your books and thoughts than in your child."

He held her long and close to his breast; she distinctly heard the quick and rapid beating of his heart, and her tears (she scarcely knew why) fell thick and fast. They were tears wept from April clouds, and were quickly succeeded by a flash of sunshine.

"Come, papa," she added, in a lively tone, as she lifted her head from his shoulder, "come, let us have either a walk or a ride."

"Certainly, my child. Shall I order the horses?"

"Yes."

As she was crossing the hall, on the way to her room to prepare for the ride, she was met by little Pomp, who gave her a note.

"Here, Miss Madge, dis was lef' here by Miss Mason's man, an' he said I mus' give it to you right away."

Madge took the note, read it over several times carefully, and then asked,

"Where is the man? Did he not wait for a word or message?"

"No, ma'am, he was in a hurry."

"No, matter; order my poney; I must ride over to Mrs. Mason's, papa," she added as Col. Vertner approached from the library; "Helen Mason has sent an urgent note for me to go to her instantly. We can't have a long ride. Will you go with me there?"

"Yes; I have business in the village, and will accompany you as far as Mrs. Mason's, where I shall leave you for an hour or so to talk over matters with Helen, then call and bring you home."

THE CALIPH AND SATAN.

Versified from Tholuck's Translation out of the Persian.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

In heavy sleep the Caliph lay,
When some one called, "Arise and pray!"

The angry Caliph cried, "Who dare
Rebuke his king for slighted prayer?"

Then, from the corner of the room,
A voice cut sharply through the gloom—

"My name is Satan. Rise! obey
Mohammed's law; awake, and pray."

"Thy *words* are good," the Caliph said,
"But their intent I somewhat dread,

For matters cannot well be worse,
Than when the thief says, 'Guard your purse.'

I cannot trust your counsel, friend;
It surely hides some wicked end."

Said Satan, "Near the Throne of God,
In ages past, we devils trod;

Angels of light, to us 't was given
To guide each wandering foot to Heaven;

Not wholly lost is that first love,
Nor those pure tastes we knew above.

Roaming across a continent,
The Tartar moves his shifting tent,

But never quite forgets the day
When in his father's arms he lay;

So we, once bathed in love divine,
Recall the taste of that rich wine.

God's finger rested on my brow—
That magic touch, I feel it now!

I fell, 'tis true—Oh, ask not why!
For still to God I turn my eye;

It was a chance by which I fell;
Another takes me back from Hell.

'Twas but my envy of mankind,
The envy of a loving mind.

Jealous of men, I could not bear
God's love with this new race to share.

But yet God's tables open stand,
His guests flock in from every land.

Some kind act toward the race of men
May toss us into Heaven again.

A game of chess is all we see—
And God the player, pieces we.

White, black—queen, pawn—'tis all the same,
For on both sides He plays the game;

Moved to and fro, from good to ill,
We rise and fall, as suits His will."

The Caliph said: "If this be so,
I know not; but thy guile I know;

For how can I thy words believe
When even God thou didst deceive?

A sea of lies art thou—our sin
Only a drop that sea within."

"Not so," said Satan; "I serve God,
His angel now, and now his rod.

In tempting, I both bless and curse,
Make good men better, bad men worse.

Good coin is mixed with bad, my brother,
I but distinguish one from the other."

"Granted"—the Caliph said—"but still
You never tempt to good, but ill.

Tell me the truth, for well I know
You come as my most deadly foe."

Loud laughed the fiend. "You know me well—
Therefore my purpose I will tell.

If you had missed your prayer, I knew
A swift repentance would ensue.

And such repentance would have been
A good, outweighing far the sin.

I chose this humbleness divine,
Born out of fault, should not be thine—

Preferring prayers, elate with pride,
To sin, with penitence allied.

INSURRECTION AT HARPER'S FERRY.

FROM MUM BET TO OLD BROWN.

From Once a Week.

Instead of moralizing on the old truth of the small beginnings of great revolutions, the insignificance of the movers of mighty changes, let us look at perhaps the most striking illustration of the fact that modern society presents. The story has not yet got into history; but we may feel sure that it will, as soon as the revolution is complete, if not before.

Just a hundred years ago, when colonial society in America was at that stage so pleasantly described by the late Mrs. Grant of Laggan, in her "Memoirs of an American Lady," the wealthier class of Northern citizens lived somewhat more like the planters of the South than they do now. They all held slaves, and talked of the patriarchal character of the institution with more reason than the cotton and sugar producers of a brisk commercial age. They farmed, in a manner; and they took life very easily, and let their negroes take it easily too. There was nowhere the same pressure on the laborers that there has been since our cotton manufacture arose and spread; and in the Northern States especially the driving activity of modern American life was not dreamed of. The negroes were rarely over-worked; they had often too little to do; and the great evil of their condition (after the mighty evil, inherent in all slavery, of the forfeiture of manhood itself) was that they were subject to the humors of their owners.

A hundred years ago, then, when Mrs. Grant's relative was leading the remarkable country-life exhibited in the memoir, the gentry of the State of New York were always finding that their negroes increased upon their hands when they had not sufficient employment for them; and, in order not to be eaten out of house and home, they sold or gave away the superfluous children born on their estates. Two young sisters were sold in this way into the State of Massachusetts, being bought by Colonel Ashley, of Sheffield, a small country settlement. Their parents had been brought from Africa, and the children had derived no education from them or from anybody else. They had no notion of reading or writing; but they seem to have had notions as clear as the atmosphere of Africa of whatever they did attend to. This time hundred years Elizabeth was eighteen years old; a strong hearty girl, fond of activity of all sorts, and valuable not only on that account, but because of her quietness and silence. As afterwards appeared, her rule of life was "keepin' still and mindin' things." And thus she gave no trouble, made no mischief, and was always up to the occasion. Such was the account which her owners would have given of her a century since; but they were not aware that this quiet girl—Mum Bet, as she was called through life—would be the means of determining the destinies of their great country, after a century or more of its national existence. They did not then suspect that they were about to become a nation; that their government would be a federal republic; that their slaves would be a canker at the core of their republicanism; that the alternative would, in time, be surrendering the liberties of the whites or the slavery of the blacks; and that this alternative was to be decided for them, unconsciously and long in advance, by this black damsel, Mum Bet, whom they did not bestow a thought upon as she waited behind their chairs when they dined with each other. All this was in the future, except the girl and her excellent faculties.

Her use of her faculties may be seen in her behavior on an occasion which occurred later on in her life, after the country became disturbed by war and the local troubles which attended it. She was nursing, in severe illness, the wife of Judge Sedgwick, in the country—the Judge being at Boston on business. There were nightly apprehensions throughout the State from the visits of the Marauders, as they were called—bands of lawless men, who entered and plundered the houses of country gentlemen by night, on pretence of searching for ammunition and prisoners. Nobody could conjecture when they would come; and the gentlemen were obliged to be in Boston, taking the chance of their homes not being entered in their absence. The valley of the Housatonic depended on Mum Bet for its safety when the heads of families were away. Her common sense was a match for all the powers of evil, in the view of her neighbors; and the administration of the public safety was, by common consent, placed in her hands.

She declared she could have no cowards hanging about her. Anybody that was afraid must be off. She sent children and timid women up into the hills at sunset, to sleep in farm-houses that were secure from attack. She accepted the charge of all the gold watches, rings and other small valuables which the neighbors wished to preserve. She stowed them all in an iron chest in her garret, and arranged everything for the expected intrusion. The great fear was that the fellows would drink and be riotous; and this was the danger that Mum Bet first addressed herself to. She put all the spirits and wine behind several rows of bottled porter, took out the corks to make the porter flat, and put them in again. She hid away all candles and candlesticks but one, and that she determined to carry herself. She loaded the pistols, and fully intended to lead the Marauders to believe that the gentlemen were at home, by the number of shots fired at the intruders. To save Mrs. Sedgwick from intrusion was her object: and when the moment came, Mrs. Sedgwick insisted on the people being admitted without a shot. Mum Bet was to the last degree reluctant; but, as she must open the door, she did it with a fire-shovel in one hand, and with the assurance that neither the Judge was there nor any ammunition or prisoners. They said they would ascertain this for themselves, and would have taken the light. She held it back, and said she would light them wherever they chose to go, but would not part with the candlestick. That was the way to the cellars, and this was the way to the chambers. Which did they prefer?

They chose the cellars first, and, as she had anticipated, rushed upon the "liquor." One broke the neck of a bottle; for which Mum Bet rebuked him, saying she would bring them a corkscrew, if they wished to drink like gentlemen, but that the next who broke a bottle should feel the edge of her shovel. One and another tasted, and made wry faces at the flat porter, saying that gentlemen had odd tastes to like such bitter stuff, and that spirits were infinitely better. The reply to which was, that the sort of gentlemen who lived here did not drink spirits.

The intruders helped themselves to pickled pork out of a barrel which stood at the foot of the cellar-stairs; but they were so stung by Mum Bet's sarcasm about coming for ammunition and prisoners, and taking up with pickled pork, that they threw back their booty into the barrel. Next followed a pretended search of the chambers, where they thrust their bayonets under the beds. It so happened that there was nothing visible which was worth carrying off; and Mum Bet hoped they were going away when they turned up stairs to the garret. In here the chest attracted their attention, and some one observed that it looked as if it had something in it. Mum Bet put down the light, and kneeled on the chest, shovel in hand, saying, "This is my chist, and let any man try to touch it, and see what he will get!" A negro woman's chest was not thought worth the venture, and the owner had the satisfaction of lighting the party down to the hall-door. There they were met by an officious young lady, a visitor in the house, who deprived Mum Bet of the glory of sending them away empty-handed. She asked them if they would like to see the stables, which occasioned the loss of one or more horses. Mum Bet was provoked to speech, saying that if she had thought "the pesky fool" would have done such a thing, she would have turned the horses loose in the meadow overnight, knowing that they would come at her call in the morning.

This anecdote—one among many—shows what this woman was made of. The story has been told before: but its significance as an illustration of character, and the further story of what she achieved, appear in a different aspect, under the light of recent events, from that in which her merits and services were inscribed upon the grave-stone which covers her remains in the outcast division of the churchyard of the valley which she protected.

Colonel Ashley's lady was not amiable enough to be trusted with human property. She one day struck at Mum Bet's sister with a heated shovel, which did not hurt the sister, because Mum Bet, always ready, caught the blow upon her arm. She carried to her grave this brand of slavery; but it gave liberty to multitudes. She acted as a free person would have done. She left the house, and refused to return. Colonel Ashley appealed to the law for the recovery of his slave. The slave opened to Judge Sedgwick, to his infinite astonishment, her purpose of claiming her liberty under the law. Nothing could seem more absurd to the lawyers; but the illiterate woman was right. In the "Bill o' Rights," she said, there was no distinction made among the people. To be human was enough; and she claimed to be free and equal with everybody else. Mr. Sedgwick undertook her cause and gained it. It was tried at Great Barrington; and the result was that she was declared free, and entitled to compensation for her services from the age of twenty-one.

This happened in 1772, when she was thirty years old. Her example was followed, with success, by so many slaves that society saw the absurdity of at once maintaining slavery and glorying in their Bill of Rights. They preferred the extension to the contraction of liberty, and soon abolished slavery in the State of Massachusetts.

The wonder was what Mum Bet could know about the "Bill o' Rights." She said it was owing to her "keepin' still and mindin' things." She made it all out by listening to the conversation while waiting at table. She gathered the terms of the declaration, and common sense showed her her interest in them. Thus did emancipation begin by an untaught negro woman "keepin' still and mindin' things."

Her lawyer asked her what he was to do with all the money she was now worth. She desired him to fee the lawyers well, and take care of the rest for her. No inducement could prevail on her to return to Col. Ashley's. She wanted to escape from the associations of slavery. She lived twenty years with the Sedgwicks, very happily, and married there, and lived to the age of eighty-five, taking care of a host of grandchildren. Her long life was full of good deeds; but the great fact of her having pulled up the first root of slavery is that by which she will be remembered through future generations.

This story is brought to mind just now by the setting in of a new phase in that decline of American slavery which was begun by Mum Bet. She died just before the advent of the most critical period of the fortunes of the great Republic, whose fortunes are, and for a time must be, bound up with the "peculiar institution" which Mum Bet could not tolerate. She died in 1829, when events were ripening for the change which was to come to pass in 1832.

She obtained her freedom, as we have seen, in 1772. The American Declaration of Independence was proclaimed in 1776. One of the provisions of the new law of the infant Republic was that the slave trade should cease in 1808; that is, the importation of native Africans; for the trade in slaves between the separate sovereign States of the Union has never been stopped.

During the term of Mum Bet's free life, the condition of her countrymen in the Southern States was growing worse in proportion to the development of European manufactures and American trade. New tracts of territory were bought—as Louisiana and Florida—over which the penal negroes were spread, as fast as they had worn out the soil in the older States. Their owners gained power in the Federal Government by allowing the North fiscal advantages in exchange for such power. It was in this way that the planters got leave to reckon three fifths of all their slaves (women, children and all) as a part of the constituency which sent them to the Legislature at Washington; and it was thus that they obtained the one single provision in the Constitution of the Republic which recognized slavery: that by which the citizens of all States were bound to catch and send back fugitive slaves; or, as they were daintily called, "persons held to labor or service, escaping into another State."

During a course of weary years, the negroes were worked harder, treated less and less and less like "family retainers," and more and more like farm stock, till, when Lafayette paid a visit to the country in 1825, he remarked with sorrow the debased condition of the negroes, saying that when he was there before, the negroes used to live in the camp with the white soldiers, and bivouac with them on the march, and fight side by side with them in the field; whereas now they had been pressed down into a more injurious slavery, and were hated, according to the old rule, that men hate those whom they have injured.

Then came the long series of insurrections, at last averaging twelve in a year, including the great and small risings in all the slave States. That series closed with the fearful Southampton massacre of 1831—two years after Mum Bet was in her grave. In that rising above seventy whites were slain by negroes. Even then, there were planters who believed themselves safe, unaware that the old "patriarchal" feeling had long been worn out by the increased sufferings of the "retainers." A kind-hearted gentleman of Virginia told a guest from the North, at the very time of the Southampton rising, that it was a mistake to suppose that there was not a perfect understanding between masters and slaves; and he proposed to put this to the test on the spot. He summoned his confidential negro—his head manager—asked him if he knew what had happened at Southampton, and that the insurgents were coming that way; found he knew all about it; told him that he should depend on him to defend the house and its inmates; and was startled at the countenance and silence of the man. He proceeded:

"If I arm you, you will protect my family?"

"No, massa."

"Do you mean that if the Southampton negroes come here, you will join them?"

"Yes, massa."

The master was broken-hearted. The earth had yawned under his feet, and swallowed up all his hope and confidence. A new period, however, was opening, though he and all others were unaware of it. The Southampton rising was the last for a quarter of a century; and the one which occurred in 1857 was induced, if not imagined, by the slaveholders. Their political orators had expatiated in public on the certainty of abolition if Colonel Fremont became President, so as to excite great agitation among the negroes; but it was not a planned insurrection.

In 1832, four men, citizens of Massachusetts, met in a poor garret, and sat with their feet upon a wood-pile, resolving that slavery, the curse of their country, should be abolished; and to work they went, in a peaceable way, to enlighten public opinion. Their opening appeal, in the first number of their newspaper, is a historical document which will move the souls of future generations. Up to that time, nothing had been done in the direction of emancipation, since the Northern States had freed their slaves; though one measure had been attempted for expatriating troublesome negroes to Africa. From 1832 onwards, there was a manifest improvement in the material treatment of slaves, from the eyes of the nation and the world being directed upon their condition. In some States there were relaxations in their favor; in others, fresh restrictions on their liberties. But hope had now arisen among them; and the immediate consequence was a truce to insurrection. They believed that more could be done for them by their friends in the free States than they could do for themselves, and they waited—except those who could get away. They brought up their children in the knowledge of the north star, which was to guide them some day to the free land of Canada. More and more escaped every year, till an agency was established—called the Under-ground Railroad—by which fugitive slaves were succored and forwarded to Canada. This was not the business of the Abolitionist body; because that body contends with the vicious principle of slavery by means of opinion only; but there were always friends along the lines taken by fugitives. From the increase of escapes and the growth of opinion arose legislation in Congress. In 1832, it was said by the leading statesmen there that the subject of slavery would never be heard of in Congress. It was all but excluded from the Constitution (entirely so in words), and so it would ever be from Congress. Before twenty years had passed, there was never a debate in Congress which did not issue in some discussion of slavery; and then ensued the passage of laws—the Fugitive Slave law, for one—which are declared unconstitutional by so many of the citizens that there can be no rest while they are enforced. Several States have repudiated them by their own legislation—by personal liberty laws irreconcilable with those of Congress. The impending question is, in fact, whether the obnoxious laws which force the defence of slavery on the whole nation shall be nullified by slavery ceasing to be a national institution, or whether the free States shall compel the slave States to abolish slavery altogether.

Of late, however, a great change has been working, opening a new prospect to all parties. While the politicians were busy, the friends of free labor were obtaining a better position for the negro in society. There were always free negroes who were rich and educated, and their number has greatly increased. The common schools of Massachusetts are now open to children of all complexions, without distinction. Many churches, railway carriages and hotels are now open also. The free blacks hold annual conventions, at which they organize their opposition to all schemes for inducing them to leave their country, on any pretence whatever, while there is a slave of their race on its soil.

While these people have been rising, the slaveholders have been sinking in fortunes. Their whole number, according to the census returns, is 350,000, out of the 27,000,000 of the population. Seven-tenths of the white population of the slave States are persons too poor to hold slaves, and for the most part descendants of old families once prosperous. A most singular conflict has begun between these two classes of white residents.

Various incidents, and particularly the publication of a remarkable book,* have aroused the "poor whites"—or "mean whites," as they are locally called—to a sense of their condition; and their first idea was, naturally, that it was hard that the possession of slaves should be monopolized by a very few planters—an exceedingly small aristocracy. Hence the recent cry for the reopening of the African slave trade. At the same time, it has been found impossible to obtain in any direction the new soil which is necessary to the maintenance of slavery. In the South-West not only does a desert without water come up to the frontier line of Texas, but in Texas itself the free labor of Germans and other intelligent cultivators is gaining largely on slave labor by being more profitable. The attempt to introduce slavery into Kansas has more than failed: it has prepared Missouri for emancipation. All this makes the slaveholders more tenacious than ever of their monopoly; and to preserve it they are actually joining political forces with Northern parties to obtain an anti-slavery President at the next election. They oppose the slave trade; they give up the idea of new territory; and they desire a President who shall be in favor of confining the institution within its present bounds, as to both space and numbers.

But the frontier States—those which border on the free States—ask what *they* are to do, now that thousands of slaves are escaping from them and through them, and that they are sure of being the sufferers in any conflict between their neighbors on either hand. Some have long been selling away their negroes to the extreme South; some have tried the plan of oppressing the free blacks, and either expatriating or enslaving them, because their very presence prepares men's minds for seeing negroes freed. But, on the whole, the inhabitants of that line of country are disposed to cast in their lot with the North, whenever the time comes for a final decision of the question.

Such is the state of affairs when Old Brown—Old Osawatomie, as he is called at home—appears upon the scene. A little time will show whether he may shake hands with Mum Bet over a lapse of ninety years, as a finisher of her work, or whether he has increased the difficulty of it by a grave mistake.

Brown is a "son of the Puritans" (as New England men call themselves), bearing a thorough likeness to his forefathers. He went forth into Kansas, with his train of sons, to fight for the freedom of the soil; and he, and such men as he, achieved it. Always armed, usually in the saddle, stern, calm, silent, except when he had to say burning words, he baffled and defeated the "Border Ruffians" from over the frontier, with the loss of several sons, and to the confirmation of his interior persuasion that he was the destined liberator of American slaves.

He discovered that in Missouri, whence the "Border Ruffians" came, slavery was becoming unpopular; and that the majority of the inhabitants would be glad to begin, at any moment, paying wages to their negroes, and leaving them free to manage their own affairs. He found these citizens fully aware, too, that the value of slaves as capital is only nominal—their supposed value passing into the land at the moment of the laborer becoming free. Land is valueless in the slave States when there are no slaves upon it. The Missouri people showed their opinions and wishes by electing anti-slavery representatives. Then Brown began helping away the slaves of the opponents of a change. By his own account, he enabled a great number to reach Canada.

All this while it was well known that in Western Virginia the land-owners—farmers living on high table-land—had always found slavery injurious, and had for many years petitioned and struggled for some form of emancipation. It was notorious also that the frontier State of Maryland could no longer retain its slaves, who were always running away; and that the Courts were inflicting the most ferocious punishments on seamen and others who were supposed to have favored the escape of negroes. This ferocity, and various proposed severities towards free negroes, betrayed the sense of insecurity which existed in Maryland.

Harper's Ferry is a singularly beautiful spot, at the entrance of the Alleghanies, where the two great rivers, the Potomac and the Shenandoah, form a junction, and treat the traveller with the last chorus of many waters before he enters upon the retreats of the mountain range. Thither come the farmers of Western Virginia, when they have to enter upon the lower world; and thither come the Maryland and Lower Virginian slaveholders when they want to pass westwards, or to seek a cool temperature in summer. It is just within the Virginian frontier, and precisely where Maryland is narrowest, so that Pennsylvania may be reached in a few hours.

Thither came old Brown, a year or more ago, after having buried his sons, and laid low his enemies in Kansas, and seen the soil safe from the intrusion of slavery, and put the Missouri people in the way of getting rid of what remained of the curse in their territory. It appears that he believed it to be the duty of his life to go wherever he could most effectually repeat this kind of effort. So he went to Harper's Ferry, where, close upon Pennsylvania, where the free blacks are very flourishing, he could operate at once upon Maryland and Virginia. If he had wished to raise a servile war, he would have gone down into the cotton States; but, as he says, he had no desire to kindle such horrors. He wished to free the slaves without bloodshed; that is, by running them off. For a year he has lived with two or three coadjutors, at a farm near Harper's Ferry, maturing his schemes, and collecting arms and other resources for holding the ground while the negroes ran. If he had consulted the Abolitionists (properly so-called), they would have tried to dissuade him; for they have never favored such methods. But Brown is a man who takes his own course, as men who believe themselves heaven-directed must naturally do.

How far he has been deceived by himself, and how far by others, time will perhaps show. It is certain that he expected the negroes to be more ready to start, and many more whites to be at his command, than he actually found. The negroes there were not field-negroes, nor numerous, and they were afraid to stir. So some say, while others believe that the "stampede" has been a very large one. The great phenomenon in the case is the intense terror which existed at Washington, eighty miles off, and through the slave States, when twenty-two men took possession of Harper's Ferry on behalf of the negroes.

Wherever there was previous dissatisfaction with the worn-out "peculiar institution," it will surely be completely discredited now, as a cause of such penalties as the citizens of free States never have to pay.

Between the frantic terror in the whole range of slave States and the astonishment in the North at the disclosure of so feeble a constitution of society—between the fantastic notions in Virginia of the views and conduct of the leading citizens of New York and New England, and the mingled indignation and amusement of New Yorkers and New Englanders at the imputations thrown out against them, there must be either a better understanding or a decisive breach. Either way, the wild and abortive attempt at Harper's Ferry will probably be the proximate cause of the settlement of the great question of the existence of slavery in a democratic republic. The institution itself may run its chance of existence in the separate States, in competition with the free labor which is entering the field at all points; but, as a national institution, slavery is, in the opinion of all well-judging men, approaching its end.

Old Brown's enterprise has, most unexpectedly, so affected the elections in the North as to render the chances of an anti-slavery President stronger than they ever were before. If such a choice should be made, other States may do as Massachusetts did in Mum Bet's time. If every citizen had leave to do what he would with his own—to pay